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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

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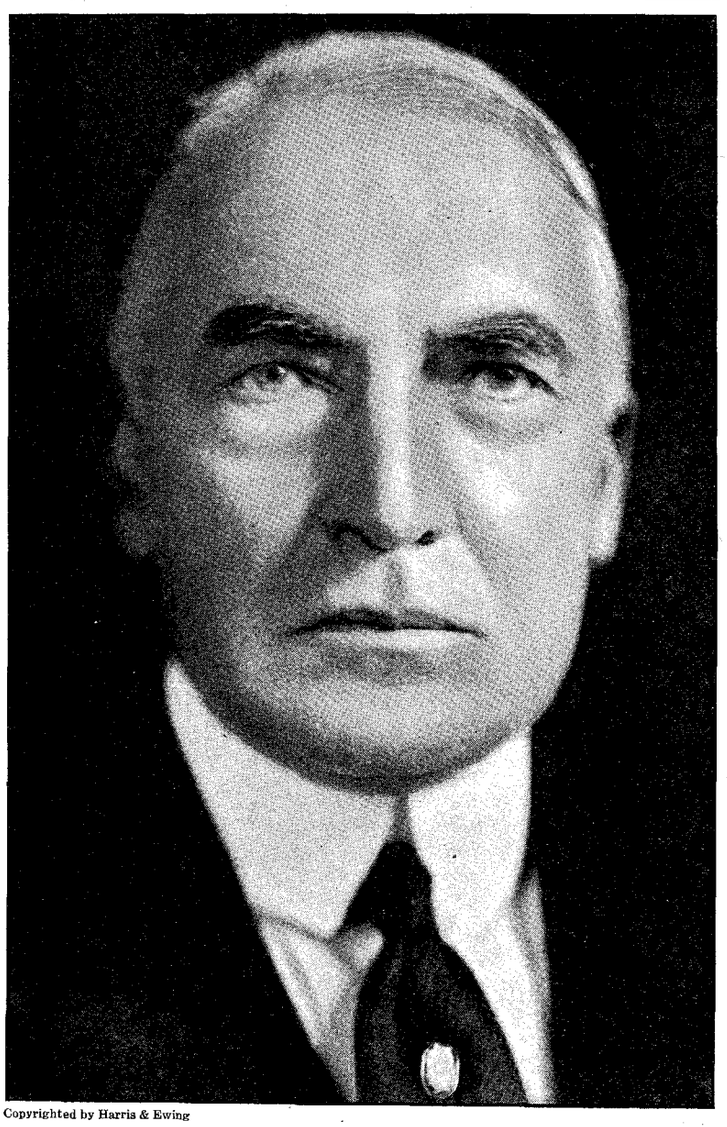
WARREN G. HARDING: APOSTLE OF PEACE

A FRIEND OF PEACE AND A LOVER OF CONCORD—the words seem to sum up all that the newspaper editors, government officials and men of high standing in the nation were saying of President Warren G. Harding, after the sudden news of his passing came from San Francisco. This note runs through the summaries of his life and achievements that have been filling so many newspaper columns during the past week. The outstanding accomplishment of his Administration, think most commentators, was the Washington Disarmament Conference, and it was to further his project of promoting international peace through American participation in a World Court of Justice that he devoted his most important forensic efforts in that last speech-making trip across the country which fatally weakened his physical powers. The Washington Conference "will go down in the brightest book of world history," says the New York *World*, a political opponent, as "the first great participation in a voluntary reduction of war machinery by the enlightened forces of civilization." "My soul yearns for peace," cried President Harding at St. Louis, and it is again and again emphasized in the public prints that this yearning was not merely the statesman's policy, but the spontaneous revelation of the nature of the man. To the last, says one correspondent who accompanied him on his trip, Warren G. Harding maintained "that patience and understanding eventually would dispose of all questions for the best interests of the American people." The dominant characteristic of our twenty-ninth President, says Oscar S. Straus, who knew many Presidents well, "was to bring peace and happiness to all our people." "He left with the people he loved a rare example of gentleness in high office," declared Secretary Hughes, the Chief of his Cabinet, while a Member of Congress affirms that "next to Lincoln, Harding was the most human man who ever occupied the executive chair."



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WARREN GAMALIEL HARDING

Twenty-ninth President of the United States.

November 2, 1865—August 2, 1923.

This human quality is emphasized by many an editorial writer. "It was always difficult to think of him as the President of the United States," writes Boyden Sparkes in the New York *Tribune*. That is, while "he looked the part more than any of his immediate predecessors," and "behaved with a nicely adjusted dignity befitting the office," yet—

"One always had the feeling that when the blinds of the White House were down he would be smiling to himself at the thought of Dick Crissinger, barefooted Dick, with whom he used to steal watermelons, as Governor of the Federal Reserve Board; of Doc Sawyer's thin shoulders supporting the epaulettes of a brigadier-general; of big loud-voiced Ed Scobie as Director of the Mint."

This man did not fight his way to the Presidency. Readers of the newspaper biographies of President Harding can not but have

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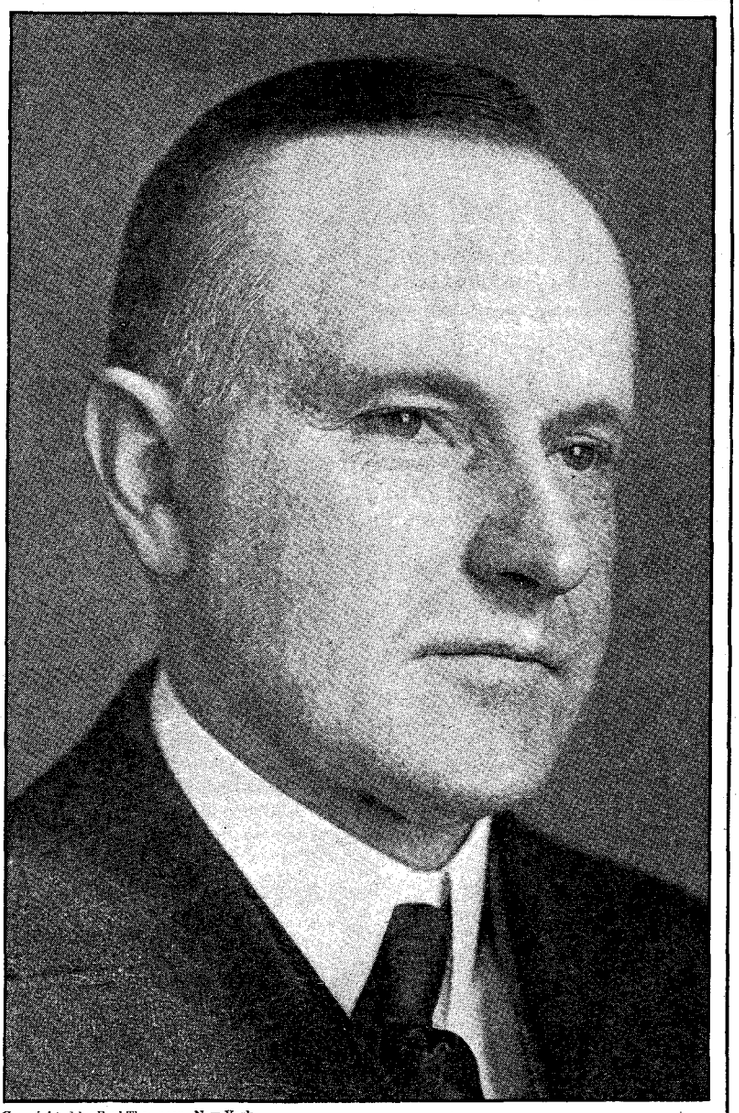
noted the importance of the absence of political strife and the constant accumulation of friendships. Warren Gamaliel Harding was born in rural Ohio on November 2, 1865. Like so many of our Chief Executives, he began life on a farm. He completed his education in a small college, really of the academy grade, and at nineteen went to work in a newspaper office in Marion, Ohio. In 1884 he bought the Marion *Star*, which he continued to control until a few months ago. "There was never a strike in the office of the *Star*." His ownership of a Republican Ohio newspaper and his natural gift for public speaking led him easily into politics. In 1898 he was elected to the State Senate. He became Lieutenant-Governor in 1903 and was defeated for the Governorship by Judson Harmon in 1910. He was "regular" in 1912. In 1914 he was elected to the United States Senate and entered the field of national politics. As temporary Chairman he made the keynote speech at the Republican National Convention of 1916. His service in the Senate was inconspicuous, but by 1920, as a New York *Times* writer notes, "he was on friendly terms with all the Senate leaders and liked by all the Senators." He was a "dark horse" candidate from the beginning for the 1920 nomination, and was selected on the tenth ballot at the Chicago Convention, after a deadlock over Wood, Lowden and Johnson. The explanation of this victory has been given in President Harding's own words in which he told how he felt the night before the nomination:



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PRESIDENT COOLIDGE

"It will be my purpose to carry out the policies which he has begun for the service of the American people, and for meeting their responsibilities wherever they may arise. For this purpose I shall seek the cooperation of all those who have been associated with the President during his term of office. Those who have given their efforts to assist him, I wish to remain in office that they may assist me. I have faith that God will direct the destinies of our nation."

"With Wood, Johnson and Lowden out of the way, I knew I could count on friends in every one of their delegations, because I had followed in my pre-convention campaigning the rule that has guided me throughout my political career, which is not to hurt any one's feelings or to step on anybody's toes if I could find foot room elsewhere. I figured that if politeness and an honest desire not to humiliate any rival just for the sake of winning a few votes were ever going to produce anything, this was the time. Other fellows, just as competent as I, or more so, had made enemies, and it looked to me that there was no one in sight that the convention could unite on except myself."

Thus, as we read in the New York *Journal of Commerce*, "Warren G. Harding brought to the Presidency an infinite patience and kindness in dealing with public questions and men, which enabled him to handle the problems of government without the stress and worry which had handicapped many of his predecessors." In his dealings with Congress, continues this paper, he "preferred the rôle of counsellor rather than dictator." His favorite conception of the American Government, as the New York *Times* tells us, "was of a great institution, less dependent upon any individual than upon the drive behind it of an intelligent and honest democracy." To the New York *Herald* it seems that he was a man who had "come to the kingdom for such a time as this." Warren G. Harding was more than a man whom the people elected, "he was a man they loved"—

"Each President of the last generation has made his own particular personal appeal to his countrymen. Cleveland's rugged courage, McKinley's gentleness and tact, Roosevelt's strength and fervor, Taft's good nature, Wilson's intellectual idealism—all these drew people toward their possessors. President Harding was one who attracted to himself the intimate affection of the people."

And strange as it may seem, this very calm friendliness of President Harding's wore him out as much as bellicosity would have done. As the New York *Sun and Globe* puts it:

"Few, none perhaps, can say how much effort it cost him to fill the hard rôle of conciliator and to dominate strife in party, section and class by the force of calm and gentle example. He must have kept his temper and his will to be friendly by a hundred difficult efforts. He died a man physically worn out, and almost till the end, unexpectedly so. When one thinks of the force it required to lead a nation from all the discontents and agitations that followed the war, and conduct it by sheer personality and example toward an era of good-will, one can understand where the effort that wearied his body may have gone.

"It is the nation's loss that he died in the midst of his fight for peace, and his glory that he carried on, as an unflinching internal peacemaker, to the end."

"A calm man," was the characterization of President Harding, by Samuel G. Blythe in a *Saturday Evening Post* article, appearing just before the President's death. "His policy is that a great many things that are wrong will right themselves, if given

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time," said this veteran political observer. "Calmly and with no particular ballyhoo," we read on, President Harding remedied the nation's economic situation to this extent:

"He has reduced national expenditures to about three billion dollars a year, of which almost two billions are expenses entirely incident upon and related to the war, such as interest on our bonded indebtedness and other war entailments. For the first time since the war this country is now back to a close, economical business basis, and with a surplus instead of a large deficit in sight. That is, the receipts of the Government are greater than the expenditures by a large amount of money, because Harding has insisted upon the strictest economy in both appropriation and expenditure, and because of his budget plan.

"That has not reduced taxes, but it is paving the way for the reduction of taxes. Furthermore, it has shown a way to the States and the municipalities to control their expenditures and, ultimately, reduce their taxes. It isn't a millennium, by any means, but it is somewhat millennial. It is the biggest step forward toward a business administration of the affairs of this country that has been taken."

The record of President Harding's Administration in the field of foreign affairs was summed up in his last prepared speech, which his illness prevented him from delivering, but which was given to the press two days before his death. Under his administration, he said, "we have strengthened our friendly relationships, and have done much to promote peace in the world." When he came into office the country was still in a technical state of war with the Central Powers, owing to the rejection of the Versailles Treaty by the United States. In this situation, he said, "the Administration promptly undertook the accomplishment of four main tasks," namely:

"First—The reestablishment of peace with the Central Powers, and the orderly settlement of those important after-problems of war which directly involved the United States.

"Second—The protection and promotion, amid the chaos of confliction of national interests, of the just rights of the United States and the legitimate interests of American citizens.

"Third—The creation of an international situation, so far as the United States might contribute thereto, which would give the best assurances of peace for the future.

"Fourth—The pursuit of the traditional American policy of friendly cooperation with our sister Republics of the Western Hemisphere."

These aims, he continued, have born fruit in a satisfactory peace treaty with the Central Powers; a settlement of the terms of Great Britain's $4,500,000,000 war debt to the United States, a similar settlement with Finland, and progress toward a settlement with our other Allies; the establishment of America's rights in mandated regions; the development of a better understanding with Mexico; a practical demonstration of friendship toward the Russian people by an expenditure of $66,000,000 in famine relief; the assurance of safety for the Christian minorities in the Near East; and the steady growth of good-will between this nation and the Latin-American republics. Of the Administration's outstanding historical monumental achievement in foreign relations, the Washington Conference on Limitation of Armament, he said:

"Quite apart from specific engagements, it was a distinct achievement to produce a new state of mind, a reign of good-will, and with it new assurances with respect to our relations in the Far East. More, there has been revealed to the world the way of peace, and if humanity and its governments will only accept the indicated way, that which has been a world lament may be turned to a universal pæon of rejoicing."

President Harding concluded this, his last message to the people, with the following plea for the World Court:

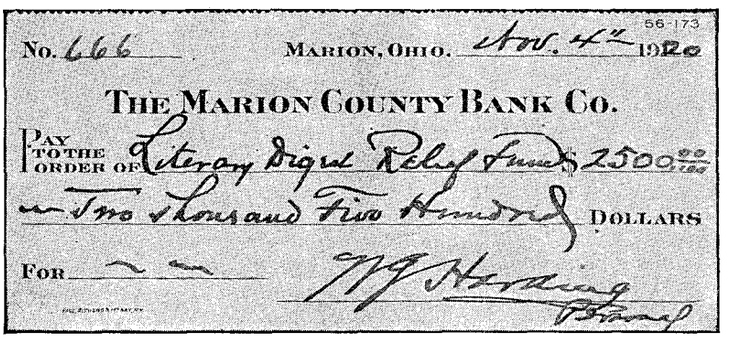
"I have thus far made no allusion to the hungering of humanity for new assurances that the world may be equally blest. Peace ought to be the supreme blessing to all mankind. Armed warfare is abhorrent to the ideal civilization. Nations ought no more need resort to force in the settlement of their disputes or differences than do men in this enlightened day. Out of this conviction, out of my belief in a penitent world, craving for the agencies of peace, out of the inevitable Presidential contact with the World War's havoc and devastation and the measureless sorrow, which attended and has followed, I would be insensible to duty and violate all the sentiments of my heart and all my convictions if I failed to urge American support of the Permanent Court of International Justice.

"I do not know that such a Court will be unfailing in the avoidance of war, but I know it is a step in the right direction and will prove an advance toward international peace for which the reflective conscience of mankind is calling."

The outstanding facts of President Harding's Administration are thus briefly summarized by the Associated Press:

Reestablishment of peace with Germany and Austria.
The calling of the Arms Conference, which approved the Naval Limitation Treaty and the Four-Power Pacific pact.
Ratification of the treaty with Colombia, resulting from the partitioning of Panama.
Revision of the tax and tariff laws.
Restriction of immigration.
Farmer aid legislation with particular reference to easier credits.
Establishment of the Budget Bureau.
Veto of the Soldiers' Bonus Bill.
Extension of the program of aid for wounded, sick and disabled veterans of the World War.
Advocacy of American participation in the World Court.

The last act of President Harding's official life, which so unexpectedly ended in tragedy, was the swing around the circle to visit the Western States and Alaska. He left Washington on June 20th to travel 7,500 miles in 39 days. He visited St. Louis, where he argued eloquently for the World Court; Kansas City, where he advocated railroad consolidation; Hutchinson, Kansas, where he spoke to the farmers; Denver, where he came out strongly for enforcement for the dry law; Salt Lake City, where he delivered a carefully prepared speech on taxation. This was only a part of the speech-making which was accompanied by strenuous sightseeing. He was in Alaska on July 8th, and returned by way of Vancouver to Seattle, where he made a speech on the Alaskan problem. The following day, July 28th, signs of ptomaine poisoning appeared, and he was rushed to San Francisco. Here pneumonia set in and the President rapidly became worse, but the crisis seemed to pass favorably, and the physicians had announced that he was on the road to recovery, when, at 7:30 P.M. on August 2nd, he died, suddenly and peacefully, from a stroke of cerebral apoplexy. At the moment of death, Mrs. Harding was reading to the President and his last words were, "That's good! Go on, read some more."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THE MARION COUNTY BANK CO.
PAY TO THE ORDER OF Literary Digest Relief Fund $2500.00/100
Two Thousand Five Hundred DOLLARS
FOR
W. G. Harding

A SILENT WITNESS TO HIS HUMANITY

With this contribution to THE LITERARY DIGEST fund for the child war victims in Central and Southeastern Europe, President Harding wrote: "In seeking God's blessing for ourselves, I am sure He will bless us the more abundantly if we share our good fortunes in acts of sympathy and human fellowship."

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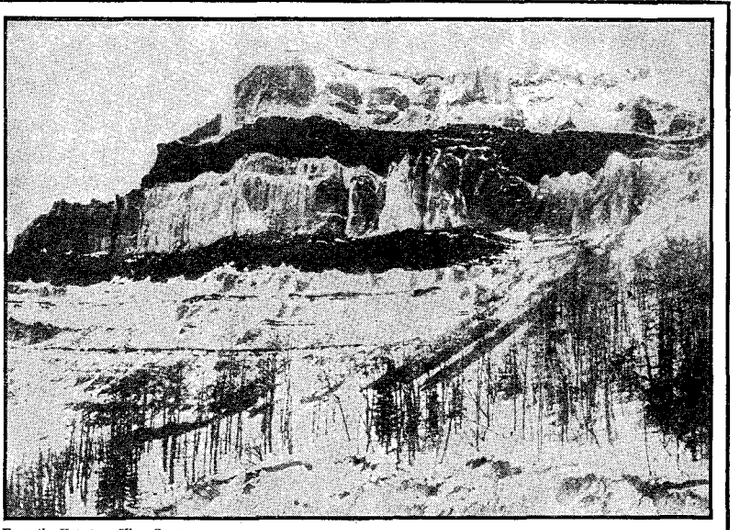
THE PRESERVATION OF ALASKA'S RESOURCES

THE LAST PUBLIC SPEECH of President Harding was his plea at Seattle on July 27 to save Alaska from those who would exploit her resources so recklessly as to ruin them. This will link the name of Harding with Alaska, says the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, "in a very vivid sense." "Against a program of ruinous exploitation we must stand firmly," said Mr. Harding, and "our adopted program must be a development of Alaska for the Alaskans." What, then, are the resources, the riches of mine, forest, field, river, and sea, that now demand preservation?

Alaska, most writers agree, is the most misunderstood of our national territories. The average American, according to a Western writer, pictures this potential empire as a frozen country, populated mostly by Eskimos and polar bears, and with gold deposits hidden here and there in inaccessible mountain ranges. But a perusal of recent magazine and newspaper articles on Alaska, the dispatches of correspondents who accompanied President Harding's party, the latest report of the Governor of the Territory, together with informative booklets published by the Department of the Interior and books by reliable authors on the resources of Alaska, reveal an entirely different picture. We find, for instance, this glimpse of the Territory's little-known resources in "Alaska, an Empire in the Making," by J. J. Underwood (Dodd, Mead and Co.):



From the Keystone View Company

JUST A GLIMPSE OF ONE OF ALASKA'S RICHEST ASSETS

Exposed coal-veins at Nenana, on the Government Railroad.

"The years that have passed since Alaska came into the possession of the United States have disclosed to an astonished world its great wealth and wonderful possibilities. Its auriferous gravels have yielded untold treasure; its colonies of seal and other mammals have loaded the markets with valuable and beautiful furs; its seas have given up their wealth of food fishes; its barren tundras have presented us the nucleus of the reindeer industry and taught a lesson in the civilization of savage tribes; its agricultural possibilities promise returns in excess of all expectation; its unmeasured timber areas will furnish wood pulp and lumber long after other forests have been exhausted; and its undelved coal-mines suggest a national opulence beyond the dreams of avarice.

"Bigness is the dominant note of Alaska's scenery. Bigness is the dominant note in the hearts and minds of Alaska's people. It is a land of big mountains, big rivers, big forests, big glaciers, big distances, big men.

"Her rivers, like her forests, are contradictory. Kissed by summer's suns and fed by winter's snows, they come tearing down cañons like herds of wild and frightened horses, tossing high their foaming spray to warn the impudent *voyageur* who would dare their fury in his flimsy canoe. Others flow serenely over sandy bottoms, clear and sparkling, like sheets of silver.

"Yet with all the various moods and fancies that are born of scenery so beautiful that it makes the heart ache, Alaska essentially is a land of plenitude—bounteousness. Beneath her covering of moss and vegetation mineral treasure worth countless millions lies hidden; her broad acres are covered with a riotous growth of wild grain and luxuriant grasses; her forests are filled with ripened timber; beneath her sod are billions of tons of coal. With extravagant generosity she has provided that posterity shall be nurtured and warmed with the food and fuel of her bosom.

"The herring fishing industry is being developed on a commercial basis. A few years ago the Alaska herring was used only for bait and for manufacturing fertilizer. Now these fishes are shipped to the markets of the world, in competition with the Norwegian herring, which they equal in flavor and nutritive value. Halibut are packed in ice and shipped to Seattle, thence to the markets in the Eastern States. Much of the halibut served in the New York hotels comes from Petersburg and its environs.

"Within one hundred miles of Cordova lie the great Bering River coal-fields. Within two hundred miles of Seward are located the great Matanuska coal measures. Surrounding each are countless millions of tons of smelting ore in varying degrees of richness and diversification of mineral. Perhaps the most important feature of the Alaska coal land, so far as the people of the whole of the United States are concerned, lies in the fact that these fields are about 1,500 miles closer to the Philippines than is the naval coal base at San Francisco.

"Alaska's agricultural lands are in the same latitude as Norway, Sweden and Finland, and are larger than all three combined. Moreover, the Alaskan lands have the advantage of the tempering influence of the Japan current, which is larger than the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic. There are many great valleys—the Yukon, the Tanana, the Kuskokwim, the Susitna, the White, and several others—where agriculture eventually will support a large population. There is both room and opportunity for the settler.

"Vegetables can be grown in nearly every part of Alaska with astonishing success. At practically all of the military posts and at nearly every city in Alaska there are a few truck gardens. Even at Coldfoot, on the Koyukuk River, a considerable distance within the Arctic Circle, potatoes, cabbages, peas, turnips and rhubarb are successfully matured, to say nothing of excellent berries of large size and delicious flavor.

"It may sound like a wild dream to say that within a few years, European immigrants, instead of landing at New York, will land on the Pacific Coast, to make productive the unoccupied areas of land in the West and in Alaska, but it is a dream that likely will come true, for Alaska is capable of raising every pound of beef, every sort of vegetable, and every pound of butter or other dairy product that her people will need till the white population increases to two hundred times its present number."

It was the discovery of gold in the Klondike in 1896 that first attracted the attention of the world to Alaska and her resources. This brought tens of thousands of prospectors into the Yukon region. Three years later the rich Nome fields were found. But even at that time, thirty years after the United States acquired the territory by purchase from Russia, "the general public was still almost entirely ignorant of the geography and resources of Alaska," writes Mr. Underwood. In fact, agrees Andrew J. Stone, in a *Century Magazine* article:

"We scarcely know the full extent of this mineral wealth. Only in a few spots has the surface of these great deposits been scratched, but this much is certain: here lies more gold than in California and Colorado, more copper than in Montana and Arizona, more coal than in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Ohio; and all the minerals to be found in the States are also deposited here, with others besides."

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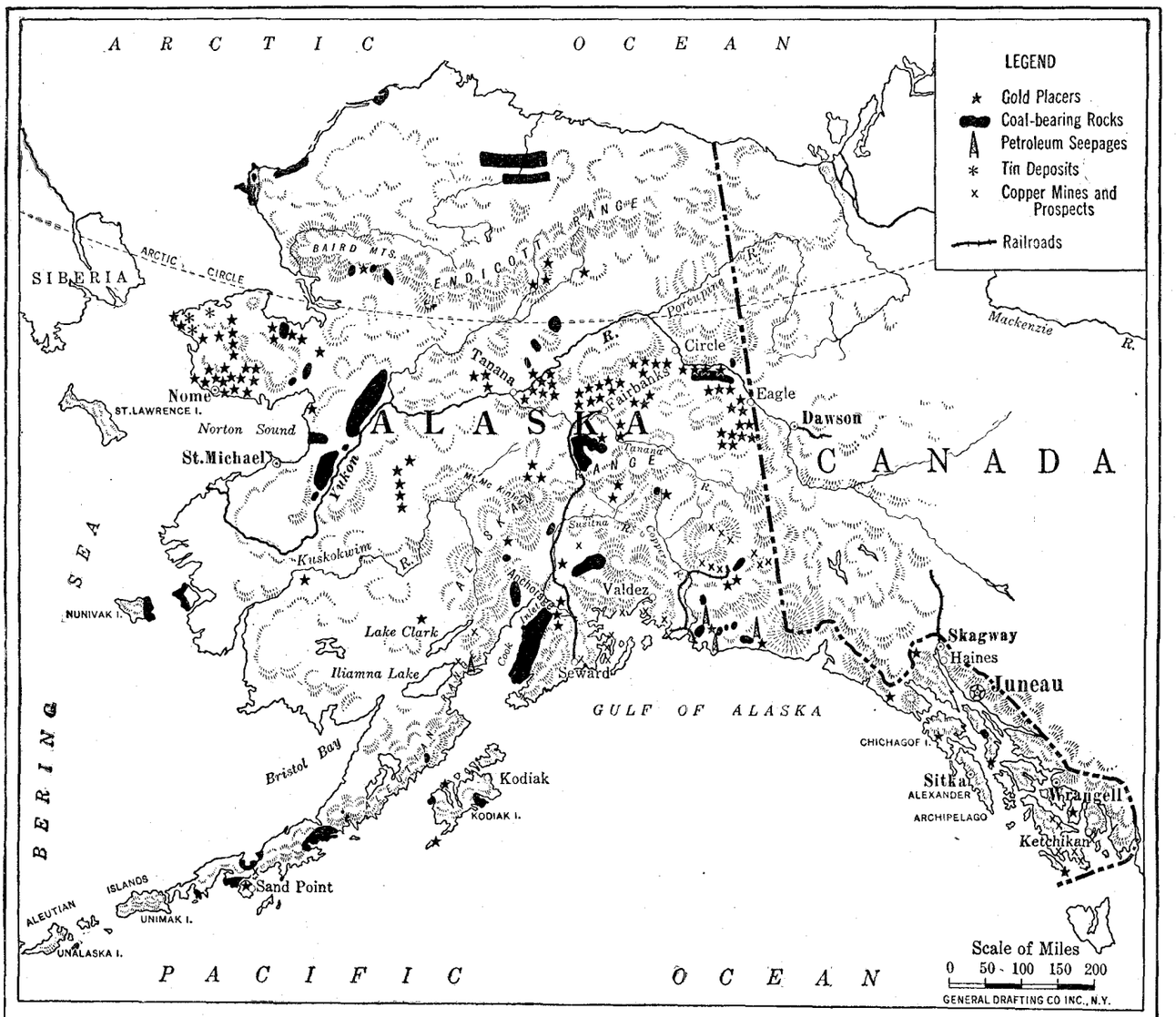

WHERE ALASKA'S GOLD, COAL, OIL, TIN, COPPER AND RAILROADS ARE LOCATED

"Resources?" writes Sherman Rogers in *The Outlook*. It is his belief that—

"Until the proper development has taken place it is impossible to estimate even approximately the probable value of Alaska's natural resources. They are varied and immense. Of that there is no question. Coal, oil, copper, gold, silver, lead, marble, timber, fish, fur, agriculture. No single State in the Union can boast of the great variety of assets that Alaska contains."

It is from government sources, however, that exact figures are obtained. The following facts are brought out in Governor Bone's latest report to the Secretary of the Interior:

"During 42 years of mining Alaska has produced gold to the value of $328,104,093. The value of the Territory's mineral output during 1921 was: Gold, $8,073,540; copper, $7,354,496; silver, $761,085; coal, $496,394; lead, $68,279; platinum and allied metals, $2,670; tin, $2,400; petroleum, marble, gypsum and quick-silver, $245,260, a total of $17,004,124. The total value of Alaska's mineral production for the preceding year was $23,303,757.

"Coal-mining shows some growth, tho it remains to be proven that Alaska high-grade coal will in the near future be mined for export. The search for Alaska oil-fields was vigorously continued in 1921, tho, except at Katalla, there has yet been no drilling. The placer-mining industry in 1921 showed a prosperous growth compared with previous years. The most important event of the year to the future of the mining industry was the practical completion of the government railroad. This is 467 miles long, runs from Seward to Fairbanks, and cost over $56,000,000.

"The fisheries industry of Alaska showed a further decline in the year 1921 over that of the preceding year, the result, in large part, of the decreased pack of canned salmon. The number of persons employed were 15,070, and the total active investment in 1921 was $39,001,874. The total value of Alaska's fishery products in 1921, exclusive of seal and other aquatic furs, was $24,086,867, a decrease of $17,405,257 from the preceding year. The output of canned salmon in 1921 consisted of 2,596,826 cases, valued at $19,632,744, as compared with 4,429,463 cases in 1920, valued at $35,602,800.

"The total commerce of Alaska for the calendar year 1921 was $65,954,566, a decrease of $42,375,329 from the amount in 1920. The total commerce with the United States was $63,541,381, as against $106,586,095 in 1920, a decrease of $43,044,814.

"The work of the Bureau of Education for the natives of Alaska includes the Social Service, the Medical Service, and the Reindeer Service, with a field force in Alaska during the year of 5 superintendents, 144 teachers, 8 physicians, and 14 nurses. The Alaska Superintendent of the Bureau is W. T. Lopp, with headquarters in Seattle.

"Reindeer herds are now distributed among the principal native settlements from Point Barrow to the Alaska Peninsula. It is estimated that if there has been the usual 20 per cent. increase there would now be in Alaska approximately 259,000 reindeer, two-thirds of which belong to the natives and one-third to the Lapps and whites.

"The Territory has its own fiscal system, controlled by laws enacted by the Territorial legislature, which is entirely separate and apart from the revenues received by the Federal Govern-

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FACTS ABOUT ALASKA

The coast-line of Alaska, measuring around all of the islands, is approximately 26,000 miles long, more than the distance around the world.

The gross area of Alaska is 590,804 square miles, or more than the combined area of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Mississippi and Tennessee.

Alaska has the highest mountain—Mount McKinley—in North America. Its altitude is 20,464 feet.

The Yukon River has a total length of nearly three thousand miles, and it is about the fifth largest stream in the world. It is navigable for river vessels for a distance of about twenty-four hundred miles.

According to the estimates of competent engineers and geologists, the coal in Alaska is sufficient to sustain the people of the United States for 5,300 years at the present rate of consumption.

Alaska contains about twenty active volcanoes.

The cod banks of Alaska are said by the United States Fish Commission to be among the finest in the world. The same is true of the halibut banks.

Statistics show that in Alaska there is less crime per capita than in any State in the Union.

—From "Alaska, an Empire in the Making," by J. J. Underwood (Dodd, Mead & Company).

Alaska already has produced more than $1,000,000,000 in wealth.

Wheat grown in the Territory has taken first prize at Minneapolis.

Alaska is the greatest per capita contributor to the national revenues.

As an investment the Territory, which cost the United States a paltry $7,200,000 (less than two cents an acre), pays several hundred per cent. a year on its original cost.

The Governor of Alaska told me two years ago that if the taxes collected in the United States from the people, the industries and resources equaled per capita similar collections from Alaska, the yearly national revenues would exceed $20,000,000,000.

—From an article by Burt M. McConnell in *The Dearborn Independent.*

ment from business and trade licenses, and which are covered into and disbursed from the Alaska Fund in the Federal Treasury.

"At the close of the year covered by this report, there were 15 Territorial and three national banks doing business in the Territory, and there were also, at this time, 214 domestic and 428 foreign corporations transacting business in Alaska.

"Alaska boasts of a teaching force which is more highly trained and experienced than that of any State in the Union. The average teaching experience of Alaska teachers is eight years. With the exception of those who handle vocational subjects, high-school teachers are college or university graduates, and seventy per cent. of the elementary school teachers are either normal school or college graduates."

According to the census of 1920 the population of Alaska was 55,036, representing an apparent decrease of 9,320 since 1910. "However," we are told in a Department of the Interior booklet of "General Information Regarding the Territory of Alaska," "this census was taken in the depth of winter, when only permanent residents could be enumerated, whereas, had it been taken in the summer, many thousands of miners, cannery employees and others would have swelled the total." The 1910 census, we are told was taken in the spring. Other facts about Alaska, we read in this government booklet, are these:

"The executive power is vested in the Governor, who is appointed by the President for a term of four years, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate.

"The legislative power is vested in a Territorial legislature consisting of a Senate and House of Representatives.

"The judicial power of the Territory is vested in the District Court of the United States for the District of Alaska.

"The Territory elects a Delegate to Congress, who may participate in debate, but who has no vote.

"The principal shipments from the United States to Alaska during the past three years were chemicals, automobiles, coal, coffee, confectionery, eggs, electrical machinery and other manufactures of iron and steel, explosives, fruits, boots and shoes, meat and dairy products, mineral oils, sugar, tobacco, vegetables, and manufactures of paper, wood and wool. The value of shipments from the United States to Alaska declined by nearly one-half from 1920 to 1921.

"Winter rye and winter wheat can be successfully grown in the interior of Alaska wherever the snowfall is deep enough to protect the grain from severe winter temperatures, say, from 30 to 40 inches. Hay is successfully made every season from native grasses and from grain sown for the purpose.

"The Fourteenth Census shows that the total acreage of crops harvested in Alaska in 1919 was 4,473 acres and the value of the products was $393,902.

"Of the agricultural land tributary to the government railroad in the Cook Inlet and Susitna region it is estimated that 1,296,000 acres are suitable for farming without costly drainage. This area would provide for 8,100 farms of 160 acres each. About half of the best-class farming land lies in the Susitna and Matanuska Valleys. The government railroad traverses the Matanuska Valley, and also passes through the Susitna Valley.

"Homestead claim may be initiated by any person having the qualifications required of an applicant for land in the United States, and a homestead entry made in the United States does not operate to disqualify him."

From all this Mr. Underwood reaches in his book the conclusion that—

"In the years yet to be Alaska's great forests will deliver their wealth; her mines will surrender their riches; her seas will give of their abundance; her hospitable soil will yield of its marvelous productivity; her verdant fields will be harvested; her cereals will be ground into flour, without which neither prince nor pauper can live; her sequestered inlets will become thriving industrial centers, where the rumble of her thousand mills will mingle with the roar of many furnaces.

"Alaska is calling for people, and her outstretched arms are filled with generous offerings."

MORE ALASKAN FACTS

Alaska has in active operation the largest copper-mine in the world.

The Territory's extent of latitude and coast-line, and the warming influence of the Japan Current have combined to give it almost as much climatic variety as California claims to possess.

Alaska has pasturage for 30,000,000 reindeer, from which 900,000,000 pounds of the choicest and most delicious meat could annually be marketed. In addition, the Territory has 65,000,000 acres of choice grazing ground.

The soil has the same qualities that make the wheat of Manitoba famous.

The total value of skins obtained from the Pribilof Islands, in the one hundred and thirty-four years since their discovery, may be safely estimated at $500,000,000.

—From an article by Andrew J. Stone in *The Century.*

McKinley Park, containing the highest mountain in North America, has been increased to an area of 2,645 square miles, making it the second largest in the United States.

Under the conservative methods adopted by the Government, the Pribilof Islands seal herds increased from 215,738 animals in 1912 to 604,791 in 1922. The seal skins secured in 1921 numbered 23,681, and at St. Louis during 1922, 22,976 of these skins were sold for $722,060. The skins of 1,139 blue and white foxes caught on the Pribilof Islands during the season 1920-1921 were sold for $109,398.

Altho the fiscal year, 1922, was one of marked depression in Alaska, 18,000,000 board feet of lumber were cut for commercial use.

The value of furs shipped from the Territory in 1921 was $762,297.

Fox farming in Alaska is increasing, 76 fox farms now being in operation.

Over the United States Signal Corps system of 2,703 miles of cables and 795 miles of land lines, there were transmitted in 1921, messages, government and commercial, whose tariffs amounted to $221,781.

—The New International Year Book (Dodd, Mead & Company).

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GERMANY'S ROAD TO RUIN

THE ROMAN EMPIRE COLLAPSED because it ran out of gold, say some observers, who see in a practically valueless German currency the beginning of the end of the German Reich. In round numbers, the German mark before the war was worth 250,000 times what it is to-day and German revenues pay less than 3 per cent. of government expenditures. And while it might be remarked that the Roman Empire had no great industries—to say nothing of printing-presses—and while there seems to be much editorial belief in America that German distress is largely camouflage, newspaper readers are being daily confronted with insistent and emphatic declarations that Germany is tottering to its fall. Wherefore a few of the more significant utterances are well worth careful study. "It is 11:55 in Germany and there is little time left before the fatal hour strikes," concludes a New York *Tribune* correspondent in Berlin, and a similar horological metaphor is employed by that popular historian, Hendrik Willem Van Loon, who thus describes German conditions in a dispatch from Holland to the Baltimore *Sun:*

"The former empire resembles a clock which was wound many years ago, but of which the key was lost four years ago. It is slowly but steadily running down, and while the English and French political locksmiths have been peacefully engaged in an academic discussion anent the rewinding of clocks in general, the Bolshevik second-story man, accustomed to handling 'jimmy' and skeleton keys, has devised a little plan of his own which will turn the former resplendent imperial timepiece into a proletarian tin watch, which will tick a most unpleasant tune into the ears of the Western Allies, who at present are getting ready for one of the 'official surprizes' which make Americans grateful that an ocean separates them from the European continent."

NOT YET BUT SOME DAY

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

A less fanciful statement of the same facts appears in the columns of that sober chronicle of the business world, the New York *Journal of Commerce:*

"Germany's currency is worthless, her general economic system disorganized, her chief manufacturing district cut off from the rest of the country, and of the world, her people gradually surrendering their belief in the possiblity of righting conditions and abandoning themselves to communistic influences."

A drift of German workers from the Socialist ranks to the more active and radical Communist party is reported by German correspondents of the New York *World, Wall Street Journal,* and Baltimore *Sun.* As long as there is a possibility of bread, writes Eugene W. Lohrke from Königsberg to the Baltimore *Sun,* the German Communist is likely to keep at work and to behave himself, but—

"The orderly Communist becomes a disorderly one as soon as he reaches the point of hunger. Once the tide sets in strongly enough, there is nothing to hold it in check. The Government continues to pour out paper money as fast as the mills can print it, and the confidence in such money is reflected in the comparative rates of foreign exchange as well as in the rising prices. Berlin is restless; Königsberg is restless; Silesia is a vast center of growing discontent; there is open revolt in the Ruhr; there are almost daily disturbances with the Police in Leipzig and Dresden. What one notices in particular is that the restlessness is never a local matter. When the torch begins to glow in one place, it breaks out suddenly into flame in another. So the flood-tide that ebbed once is creeping in again, this time, as it seems, with more threatening impetus than ever before."

"Germany is adrift," declares the Newark *News,* "and no European stability can be reestablished until either the full gamut of revolution has been run or some stronger powers have tied her to new moorings." While July 29, which was to be a "Red Sunday," passed without serious incident, the New Jersey paper thinks it would be unwise "to assume that one dud necessarily means that all the subsequent attempts at revolution will prove abortive." And it is imprest by the statements made by the German diplomat, Count Harry Kessler, a speaker at the Williamstown Institute of Politics. In a newspaper interview, Count Kessler said:

"The inevitable result of the French policy must be social breakdown and social anarchy throughout Germany, resulting in revolution. I am afraid that this is bound to come within a very short time, and that it will be followed by another world war, a war that will be even more savage than the last war.

"When the revolution comes, the Cuno Government will hardly be strong enough to put it down, despite the strong measures now being taken. The whole country is likely to go Bolshevist at first, but within a short time I expect to see the southern part of Germany separate from the north and establish a monarchical form of government. The north of Germany probably will retain Soviet rule."

This German authority called attention to the collapse of the German middle class, food shortage, and malnutrition of the children. And we read in a Berlin dispatch to the New York *Times* that—

"The causes of the food shortage are twofold. First, last year's potato stocks are exhausted, and the new crop has not come in yet. Owing to unfavorable weather conditions, it is several weeks overdue.

"Secondly, owing to the mark crash, those who normally have foodstuffs for sale hesitate to part with them for paper marks that shrink 5,000 per cent. overnight. There is a tendency to hang on to meat, butter and eggs, pending developments."

The chief sufferer from present conditions in Germany, writes Max Lindeman, a German-American revisiting the land of his birth, to the Washington *Post,* is the middle class, whose members find it almost impossible to buy the sheer necessaries of life: "suits, overcoats and dresses are turned, and the wearing of celluloid collars and cuffs has thrown many laundries out of business." In a letter from Berlin to the New York *Evening Post,* Constance Drexel writes that "Germany will have to import about a third of her food supply at best, but if the harvest is a poor one, at least half of it will have to be paid for in dollars or pounds." In Berlin, the capital city, this writer "records the fact that people in all walks of life, especially the men, look ill and undernourished."

When we consider the financial crisis in Germany, it is obvious that the mark is practically stage money. Its value in foreign exchange has fallen below one million to the dollar. In other words, the "normal" value of German money is 250,000 times what it is actually worth to-day. By July 13 Germany had actually printed more than twenty trillions of paper marks. Nearly four trillions were issued in the second week of July. During the ten days ending July 20, less than one twenty-fourth of the Government's expenditure was covered by the normal revenue, we read in a Berlin dispatch to the New York *Tribune,* while a Berlin correspondent of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* understands "that it has been proposed in all

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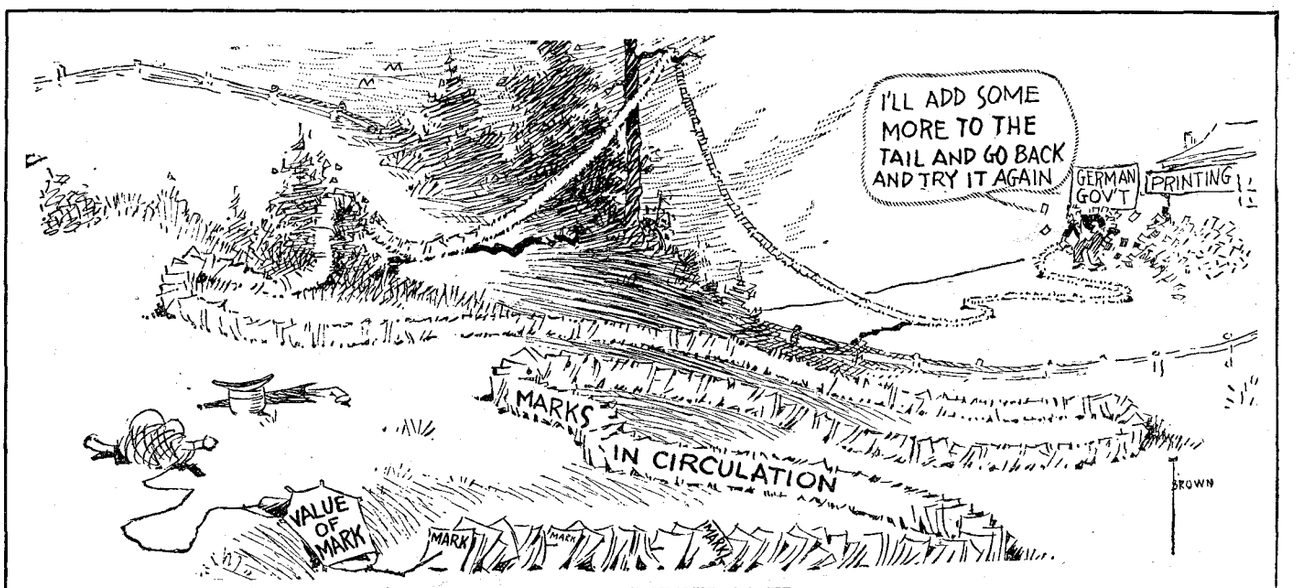

STRANGE IT DOESN'T GO UP

—Brown in the Chicago *Daily News*.

seriousness to close the tax bureaus and cease the collection of taxes until the returns justify the cost of collection." From a commercial standpoint, we read in the New York *Journal of Commerce*, German exchange is regarded as practically worthless and "commercial business with Germany for months has been transacted on a dollar basis, or in the currency of Great Britain, Switzerland, Holland, or the Scandinavian countries." The mark, point out New York papers, is practically without honor in its own country, several German courts deciding against the payment of gold-mark loans with paper marks.

But there are many watchers on both sides of the Atlantic who have come to the conclusion that the virtual disappearance of the mark is really the worst phase of the situation in Germany. "If any plan is adopted giving the careening mark a partial rest there is no reason apparent why Germany should not be spared the bath of anarchy, at least for several months," we read in the *Wall Street Journal's* Berlin correspondence. This writer understands that for the most part the big German manufacturers have a reserve of foreign exchange with which to buy raw materials after things have quieted down. The same writer denies that there is a threatened shortage of food:

"There is still a residue remaining from past years' cereal imports. The harvest, altho delayed by bad weather, promises to be the largest for several years and will substantially reduce the estimate of 2,000,000 tons of grain needed from abroad until the next harvest. Russia is about to commence shipments on 360,000 tons of cereals which will all be delivered before the end of November.

"On the whole, industry is operating at nearly sixty per cent. capacity and the workers, altho crippled by increasing short time, are receiving real wages above that of several periods last year."

The bright side of the German picture, the New York *Times* explains, "is the realization that the German productive machine is not only intact but better able to function now than two years ago." We are told that "while financial affairs have been going from bad to worse and saving has become impossible except by investing in real estate and factories, the natural thing to do has been to make over all that could be renovated, and to put into new equipment and new undertakings what would otherwise have gone into production." Germany, as the Albany *Knickerbocker Press* hears, is displaying remarkable industrial activity:

"Consular reports show the German labor market to be improving. Skilled artizans are in particular demand. Weather conditions have not interfered with ready employment for farm labor. Potash mines report good demand and are hiring new men. The same may be said of brickyards, glass factories and china plants. Metal plants which had reduced forces are putting their men back. The jewelry trade and the chemical establishments have all the orders they can handle. Textile and hosiery factories are exceptionally busy. Paper factories are running full time and the leather industry has more foreign orders than for some time."

Letters received from travelers in Germany from time to time appear in our papers contradicting stories of evident distress there. "The theaters and operas are full every night and the people look prosperous and happy," we read in one letter. Another tells of the "crowds of plump, pink" pupils who come out into the streets of German industrial cities when schools are closed. An Associated Press dispatch from Berlin a few days ago called attention to a Ministry of Food statement declaring that except for butter and potatoes there is no real lack of foodstuffs in Germany; that this year's grain crop is very good, the potato crop satisfactory and the bread supply assured. A London dispatch appearing on the New York *Tribune's* financial page quotes British financial opinion to the effect that "the measure of actual distress in Germany is not yet sufficient to give rise to widespread revolution," and Joseph Shaplen cables from Berlin to the same New York newspaper that "despite all trials and uncertainties by which they are distracted, the great mass of German people has little desire to risk falling into the fire by jumping out of the frying pan."

That Germany's distress is a sheer "fake" is, in fact, the opinion of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, which says "the world is convinced that Germany's financial impotency is a sham and deceit and that the Germans, knowing no argument but force, must submit in the end to the same sort of pressure which they themselves employed in 1871 against the French." Much the same thing is said by Premier Poincaré in his speech at Villers-Cotterets, in which he insists that the Allies "must face realities and not be fooled by the deceiving picture of Germany poor and forever powerless and see the truth despite camouflages."

In England Lord Curzon tells the House of Lords that while the Allies continue to talk, Europe is "sinking into irretrievable ruin"; and Prime Minister Baldwin reveals the fact that the British proposal for a joint Allied reply to Germany stated that Germany must offer such guarantees as currency stabilization and budget balancing, that there must be international control of finances, and that Germany should withdraw ordinances fomenting passive resistance in the Ruhr and should disavow violence and sabotage.

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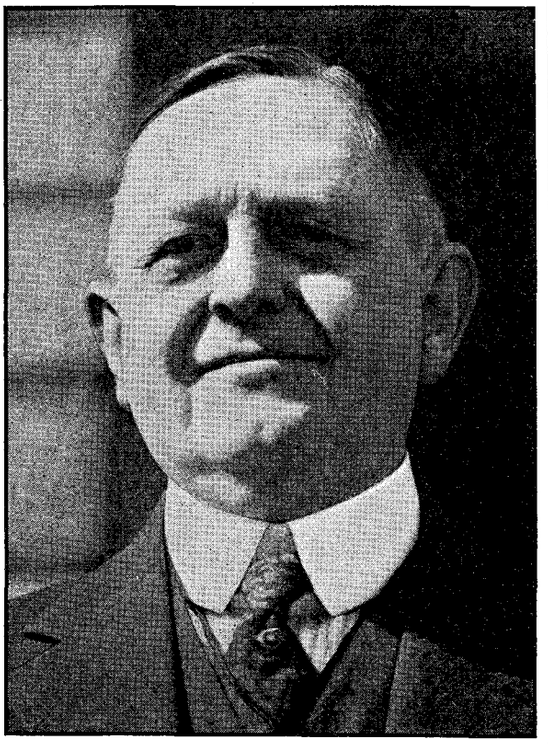
RINGSIDE REMARKS AS THE FIRST DEMOCRATIC HAT SAILS IN

THE DUTY OF THE UNITED STATES toward Europe is clear enough to Senator Oscar Underwood, of Alabama, as he himself recently declared in response to a resolution of the State legislature endorsing him as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. But Republican and independent editors, mainly in the Northern States, counter the Underwood statement by saying, in so many words, that he has not made it clear to the country, and that if Mr. Underwood is dissatisfied with the existing American policy toward Europe, he should formulate a better one. It is true, admit the non-Democratic editorial writers, that American business and agriculture and manufacturing interests, together with the millions of workers they employ, would be benefited by European prosperity, and they agree that America should aid Europe in every possible way. But who will point the way? Lacking a Mr. Bok to offer an inducement, how may a plan be evolved to help the farmer sell his surplus cotton, grain and hogs? The Senator from Alabama does not offer a single concrete suggestion, declares the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, (Ind. Rep.), "and therefore his criticism lacks point. He is silent on the League of Nations or on any other concrete proposal. He does not indicate in what way his policy would differ from that of the Harding Administration."



"IF ALABAMA NAMES ME AS HER STANDARD-BEARER"

Said Senator Underwood recently, "all the fighting spirit I have will be enlisted to carry democracy's call to triumph."

Before we permit hostile newspapers to indict the first avowed candidate for the Presidential nomination in the Democratic party, however, let us see just what he said before the Rotary Club of Birmingham and the State legislature in the latter part of July. According to the Birmingham *Age-Herald* and Associated Press reports, the Senator said on these occasions:

"The key to the situation in Europe is first the stability of government and then the stability of finance. Because we did not take our seat at the head of the table in 1919, when the Great War was over, war in a minor way has continued in Europe almost ever since.

"If American business is to survive in the future, it is absolutely imperative that our products have a market in Europe, and an European market can not exist until stabilized governments have been established,

"In order that we may market all we produce in America, one-half of our cotton, one-third of our meat, and one-third of our wheat crops must be sold in Europe. The law of supply and demand rules the commercial and financial world, and nothing can change this economic principle. We must have a market for what we produce, or else we will fail financially.

"We may feel in the South that the failure of the wheat market affects only the North and the Northwest, but that is not the case. When our own cotton crop failed in 1914 because we could not get vessels to carry our cotton to Europe, the effect of it was felt over the entire nation. It will be the same way with the wheat failure."

"Senator Underwood did not mention any political issues, but he made it clear that the assistance of America is badly needed in Europe to straighten out affairs," explains *The Age-Herald*, "and that unless European governments became stabilized, American citizens would be great sufferers." "And he speaks with authority," declares the Democratic Atlanta *Constitution*, "for no man in the American Senate has made a closer study of international affairs, and with a broader view-point and a clearer vision."

Of his availability there are many testimonials. And it will come as a shock to the politically-minded, perhaps, that these bouquets come from independent, Republican, and Democratic editors. "Mr. Underwood to-day is the first statesman of the South," maintains the Montgomery *Advertiser* (Dem.), and in this the Birmingham *Age-Herald* (Dem.), Charleston *News and Courier*, (Dem.), Brooklyn *Citizen* (Dem.), Jersey City *Journal* (Ind. Rep.), and the Boston *Herald*, also independent Republican, agree. "The Senator has been a loyal Democrat, a good American, and an effective leader," remarks the independent Troy *Record*, and the Boston paper thinks "the people of the East would like him because he is conservative and substantial." "He joined with Secretary of State Hughes in making a success of the Disarmament Conference," recalls *The Herald*, which considers him "one of the soundest and best poised statesmen of his generation." As the Montgomery *Advertiser* avers in a second editorial:

"The country is friendly to Underwood. No man in public life is more cordially respected everywhere. Few men in public life command the confidence of intelligent and thoughtful people of all parties that Underwood commands."

The above are personal indorsements; it remains for the Birmingham *News* (Ind. Dem.) to discuss, in a friendly way, the Senator's recent speeches on the need of a policy toward Europe. As this Southern paper points out:

"Senator Underwood did not offer a remedy; but the conclusion was inevitable that he believes the United States should cease its policy of drift, indecision and inactivity, and look to the pacification and credit rehabilitation of Europe. The United States can aid in the rehabilitation of Europe without becoming entangled in their politics. One can fling a life-preserver to a drowning man without necessarily joining his church."

It becomes apparent to political observers at the outset, however, that Mr. Underwood is not going to have an easy time of it. For instance, scarcely had the wires ceased humming with the Alabamian's announced candidacy when they began to hum again with the announced opposition of W. J. Bryan to that candidacy on the ground that Underwood represents "Wall Street and the 'wets.'" The Mississippi Anti-Saloon League is against the Senator as a Presidential candidate, according to a statement by the State superintendent. Senator Robinson, of Arkansas, and Senator McKellar, of Tennessee, both Democrats, likewise have declared their hostility, mainly because Mr. Underwood is "too conservative."

Most of the criticism which comes the Senator's way, however,

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seems to have been engendered by his recent speeches in Alabama. "Even tho European conditions are badly tangled, the American farmer has a better foreign market for his products now than in the pre-war period," contends Senator Watson, of Indiana, in reply to Senator Underwood. And while political opponents hint at partizanship on the part of this Republican Senator, a similar charge could hardly be sustained against E. T. Meredith, former Secretary of Agriculture in a Democratic régime. According to Mr. Meredith, "the American farmer is not bankrupt," notwithstanding the inability of European nations to purchase his surplus crops. We read on:

"There is a conspiracy among certain factions to misrepresent and discourage the farmers. Just what lies back of this pernicious scheme remains to be seen, but one of the big purposes is to make political capital out of this deceit which can be used to the selfish advantage of those taking part in it.

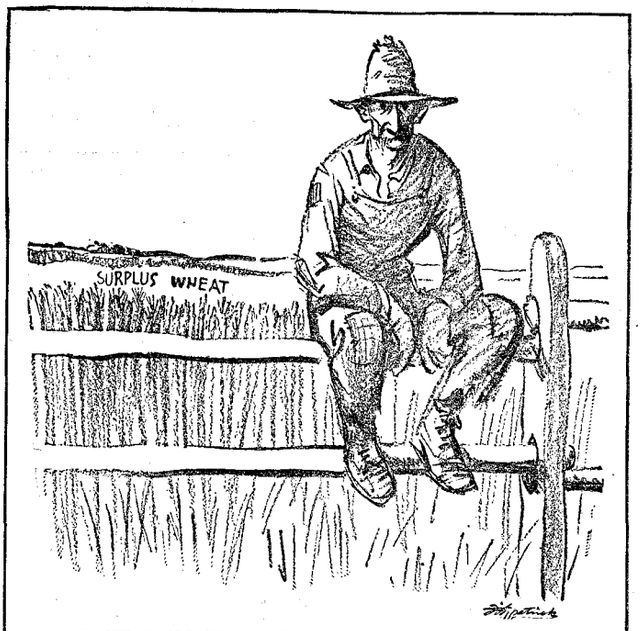
"On July 1, 1922, the price of corn on the farm was 62.2 cents per bushel, and on the same date this year it was 86.5 cents a bushel. The farm price of winter wheat slumped from 93 cents to 87 cents, oats increased from 37.3 cents to 42.5 cents a bushel, and barley from 52.2 to 55.7 cents. These prices were taken as of July 1 each year and are the farm prices, not the price at marketing centers, from which transportation charges have to be deducted.

"These figures show that the total value of these principal grain crops on July 1, 1922, was $3,183,682,000, while on July 1 of this year the total market value at the farm of these same grain crops was $3,683,506,000, or $499,824,000 more than last year."

There also has been wide-spread discussion of the low price of wheat. But this, maintains *The Breeder's Gazette*, of Chicago, "is being done for political purposes. In fact, it already has accomplished political results in Minnesota." Continues this farm and stock authority:

THE BURNING FUSE
—Harper in the Birmingham *Age-Herald*.

"Less than 7 per cent. of the value of farm crops and live stock last year was represented by the American wheat crop. That percentage had seldom been higher than seven. The existing furor over the price of the cereal, however, has apparently led some uninformed or misinformed business men and others to believe that the financial stability and future of this country are dependent upon the price which farmers obtain for wheat. Undeniably wheat is one of our major crops, but in total value its position in relation to the total value of other farm crops and live stock is low."



HAVING NO ENTANGLEMENTS WITH EUROPE
—Fitzpatrick in the New York *World*.

Taking up the Senator's announcement, the independent Baltimore *Sun* declares that—

"The net effect of the statements he has made since his return from Europe has been a sense of disappointment on the part of those who expected from him a clear and straightforward outline of policy. So far he seems to be cautiously, if not timidly, feeling his way, rather than assuming a rôle of bold leadership. His talks are like those of Mr. Hoover when he seemed a possible nominee for the Presidency—very sound, very philosophic, but very vague, and very uninspiring. He appeals to the business men of the country and to the self-interest of the country to realize the injurious effect upon ourselves of doing nothing, but he does not state clearly and positively what course he believes we should adopt. The implication is that we should not stand aloof, but there is no declaration in favor of any specific foreign policy."

Perhaps the most hostile broadside of all comes from an independent Democratic daily, the Providence *News*, which says:

"This sort of talk by a candidate for the Presidency is cheap and untrue. In the first place, we are selling more agricultural products across the Atlantic than we did before war blasted the world. We are doing this despite the fact that our cotton exports have shrunk, owing to the 40 per cent. idleness in the British cotton-mills. Our exports of wheat are not as great this year as last, because Europe is growing more cereals, even Russia having begun to export.

"Trying to make a case for our alliance with Europe in a league, and basing the proof on the plight of the farmer, will never get Senator Underwood very far with those who read the newspapers and who are therefore the real molders of public opinion.

"The most crucifying thing against agriculture to-day is the high freight rates, something that all intelligent men know. The next worst economic barrier to their prosperity is that their dollar's worth of wheat or of anything else has a buying power of less than 60 cents when they purchase manufactured goods at the inflated prices of to-day. Trade combinations, high wages and rail costs keep up the things the farmer would buy, while he finds no method by which he can fix his own price for his barley, his wheat, his hogs or his hay—all of which Mr. Underwood ought to know."

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A 20TH AMENDMENT NOW ON THE WAY

"Where is the man who has the power and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;
And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on't."

MERE MAN MAY MAVE AGREED with this Canterbury inscription when the Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution, giving nation-wide suffrage to women, was adopted in 1919, after a seventy-year fight for the privilege of voting. But now that a Twentieth Amendment is proposed, giving "men and women equal rights throughout the United States and every place subject to its jurisdiction," we find criticism dripping from the pens not only of male newspaper correspondents and editorial writers, but women writers and political leaders as well. In fact, W. W. Jermane, an experienced political observer at the Capital, doubts whether the National Woman's party can "put over" the new amendment, opposed, as they are, by numerous other women's organizations who scent danger in the proposal that absolute equality be established by law between the two sexes. It is a question in the minds of these organizations, he writes in the Seattle *Times*, whether the destruction of existing statutes specially framed for the protection of women would not more than offset any good that might come from the adoption of a sweeping amendment such as that proposed by the Woman's party.

The Woman's Suffrage party, it seems, accomplished in the Nineteenth Amendment but one of its aims—the elective franchise. Only political equality was won. The fight launched at Seneca Falls, New York, late in July by the Woman's party, however, calls for "complete emancipation of women, and absolute freedom from all discrimination—legal, economical, professional and educational," according to the announcement of the secretary. The specific demands which the National Woman's party now makes for women are:

"Control of their children; control of their property, their earnings; right to make contracts; citizenship rights; inheritance rights; equality in all State and local governments; equal opportunities in schools, universities, government service, professions and industries; equal pay for equal work; authority in the church; rights after their marriage to their own identity; a single moral standard."

And they have just begun to fight for these rights, it seems, for the plan is to reach each United States Senator and Representative in Congress at his home before the end of summer in an attempt to enlist his support. According to Miss Alice Paul, Vice-President of the National Woman's party:

"The party will bring the proposed amendment to the special attention of the President and of the leaders of all political parties on the reconvening of Congress. We plan to have this amendment introduced as promptly as possible and to have hearings before the committee to which it is referred in each House.

"In the past two years 23,000,000 women have been benefited by the passage of equal rights legislation in fourteen States. In Delaware, Georgia, Massachusetts, New York, Ohio, Mississippi, Louisiana, Pennsylvania, the rights of women as guardians of minor children have been enlarged. In Delaware, Georgia, New York, and Virginia the right to inherit property has been equalized. In Delaware, Louisiana, Maryland, and Oklahoma women have been made eligible to public office. In Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Virginia married women have been empowered to choose their own residences for voting purposes. In Maine they have been admitted to jury service. Various other minor reforms have been effected. But in only one State—Wisconsin—has our general equal rights bill met with success.

"The only way in which complete equality can be gained for all women within a reasonable time is by Federal amendment, just as the right to vote was gained for women throughout the country that way."

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO WOMAN

Part of the "Declaration of Sentiments" adopted at the first American equal rights meeting, which was held at Seneca Falls, New York, in 1848, and was lately commemorated by suffrage leaders in the same village:

"The history of mankind is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations on the part of man toward woman, having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over her.

"He has never permitted her to exercise her inalienable right to the elective franchise.

"He has made her, if married, in the eye of the law, civilly dead.

"He has taken from her all right in property, even to the wages she earns.

"He has made her morally an irresponsible being, as she can commit many crimes with impunity, provided they be done in the presence of her husband.

"In the covenant of marriage she is compelled to promise obedience to her husband, he becoming to all intents and purposes her master, the law giving him power to deprive her of her liberty and to administer chastisement.

"He has monopolized nearly all the profitable employments, and from those she is permitted to follow she receives but a scanty remuneration. He closes against her all the avenues to wealth and distinction which he considers most honorable to himself.

"He has created a false public sentiment by giving the world a different code for men and women, by which moral delinquencies, which exclude women from society, are not only tolerated but deemed of little account in man.

"He has usurped the prerogative of Jehovah Himself, claiming it as his right to assign for her a sphere of action, when that belongs to her conscience and to her God.

"He has endeavored in every way that he could to destroy her confidence in her own powers, to lessen her self-respect and to make her willing to lead a dependent and abject life."

The San Diego *Union* wishes the women "the best of luck" in their campaign, but suggests that they "overhaul the program devised some 75 years ago," and printed in the center of this page, "before taking it to the people," and the Indianapolis *Star* can discover no "urgent desire among women in general to serve on juries, nor is any feverish demands for further rights in evidence." The campaign of the Woman's party "does not have at this time the support of the majority of the American people, nor of a majority of the female half of them," declares Mr. Jermane, in the Seattle paper.

Having invalidated protecting laws for women in seven States by its minimum wage decision, the Supreme Court would be called upon to rule upon the proposed amendment, and the Springfield *Republican* wonders how it would rule. In the Providence *Journal's* opinion, "the proposed amendment seems to aim at the repeal of those various statutes that throw a special safeguard around women." "Labor laws that give women special protection in the matter of hours would be abrogated, it is claimed, under an equal rights amendment," points out the Jersey City *Journal*, and in this the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and Brooklyn *Eagle* agree. As Ethel M. Smith writes in the New York *Evening Post:*

"For the National Woman's party, the great and glorious principle of 'Equality' is written so high in the heavens that they can not see even the women they may trample under foot."

The Pittsburgh *Post* likewise scents danger in the proposal of the National Woman's party. Says this paper:

"The women who are agitating for equal rights probably have in mind to acquire privileges of which they are now deprived by reason of their sex. It is to be borne in mind, however, that if they are discriminated against in some laws, they are favored in others, and that if there should be a leveling process they might lose more than they would gain."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

EQUALITY of the sexes has left women hanging to car-straps.—*Toledo Blade.*

MAN'S life: School tablets; aspirin tablets; stone tablets.—*Duluth Herald.*

GERMANY went broke on a fight, but it had nothing on Shelby, Montana.—*New York Tribune.*

AND when the mark breathlessly reached the bottom, no bottom was to be found!—*Dallas News.*

SOUTHERN California, we read, was visited by another one of those fires.—*New York Sun and Globe.*

THE Turk appears less and less terrible as opportunities develop to exploit him.—*Birmingham News.*

A LOS ANGELES man's wife has left him eight times; not once, we'll bet, being on pay-day.—*Cincinnati Post.*

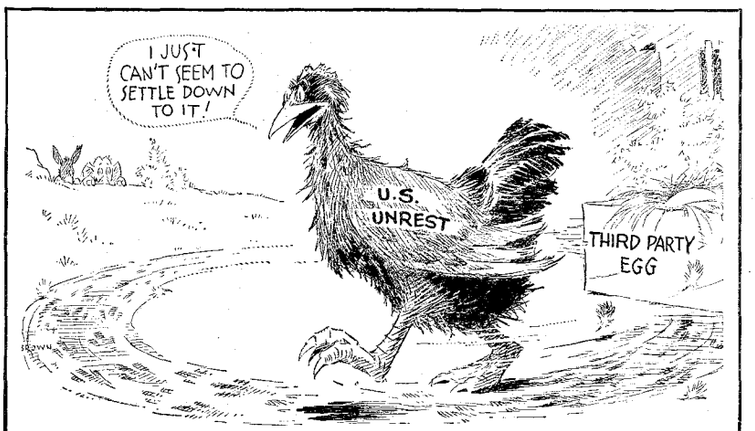
AN inventor has devised a glider weighing but thirty pounds. A banana peel weighs less than that, but the landing gear isn't what it might be.—*Dallas News.*

OF course, we all know that what Jeremiah really said was, "Yes, we have no balm in Gilead."—*New York World.*

IF wives only knew what stenographers think of their husbands, they would cease to worry.—*Kingston Standard.*

THOSE Filipinos are rapidly becoming Americanized—they've already learned to knock Wood.—*Louisville Times.*

UNCLE SAM believes in the open door, but insists that they shake themselves dry before coming in.—*Kingston Standard.*



NOT AN IDEAL SETTING HEN

—Brown in the Chicago *Daily News.*

AND so Mother Europe called in the bad, bad little Turk and sternly gave him all the cake and jam and he lived happily ever afterward.—*Dallas News.*

THE common objection to prize-fights appears to be that there is too much prize and not enough fight.—*Associated Editors.*

THERE will be a disillusionment next winter, however, when Sambo discovers that 'possums don't grow up North.—*Birmingham News.*

"EACH child is burdened with $96 of public debt." We've often wondered what makes a new-born infant yell.—*Brockville (Ont.) Reporter.*

GERMANY'S former Crown Prince wants to be elected president of Germany, but political battles aren't won in concrete dugouts.—*Indianapolis News.*

THAT political writer who says that "the 1924 campaign promises to be quiet" evidently never heard a Ford running.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

THE consensus of opinion seems to be that nothing good in the way of government and nothing bad in the way of drama can come out of Russia.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MAYBE wars would be fewer and farther between if they were financed on a pay-as-you-enter plan, instead of on the basis of a charge account.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

IT is reported that five widows have put in claims for the estate of Francisco Villa, who was shot recently. It is remarkable that Mr. Villa was not shot before.—*Manitoba Free Press.*

THE bird of paradise is the eagle on the American dollar.—*Port Arthur News.*

ALASKA wants to be a State, but doesn't owe enough money yet.—*Cincinnati Post.*

STRAW votes are never significant. They merely indicate the people's choice.—*Birmingham News.*

ENGLAND would like to know if France considers the Ruhr occupation a life calling.—*Dallas News.*

MONEY is a nation's promise to pay. That is what is the matter with the mark.—*New York Tribune.*

FRANCE is making it plain to Germany that continued evasion means continued invasion.—*Washington Post.*

THE turn-over in which most people are interested is the one just after the alarm clock rings.—*Judge (New York).*

THE fact that so many Ford drivers are running over prospective Ford voters may become a serious political problem.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

IT might help the demand for wheat if the breakfast food factories were outlawed from the lumber States.—*Dallas News.*

IN Russia you can get a divorce for 20 cents. Luxuries are almost prohibitive everywhere nowadays.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

WHAT puzzles the Old Guard is why, if wheat must drop, it has to drop on the Republican party.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

THERE is a Twentieth Amendment to the Constitution proposed now. Half a century hence some President will begin a noted address: Fourscore and seven amendments ago . . .—*New York Sun and Globe.*

So far the most remarkable and significant non-stop record in connection with flying is the work of gravity.—*Birmingham News.*

IF the doughboys wanted a bonus out of the war, they ought to have fought the Kaiser on Boyle's Thirty Acres.—*Calgary Herald.*

WE do hope that De Valera won't wake up on the wrong side of the bed and decide that he'd rather be a Filipino, after all.—*Dallas News.*

THE remarkable thing is that Germany perfected presses fast enough to print more money than is needed to pay the pressmen.—*Indianapolis Star.*

AIR travel at ten cents a mile is predicted at not far in the future, which is low considering how high such transportation would be.—*Pittsburgh Gazette Times.*

Now that the Presidential nominees for next year's election have been selected by enterprising weeklies, it's time to look the field over for 1928 candidates.—*Indianapolis News.*

AGAIN to show their resentment against our prohibition laws, "crews of foreign ships are deserting to get the higher wages paid by our shipping board."—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

THERE's a sort of grim significance, full of suggested lines of thought, in the report that the former Kaiser's summer palace is now the training place for hundreds of orphan boys.—*Savannah News.*

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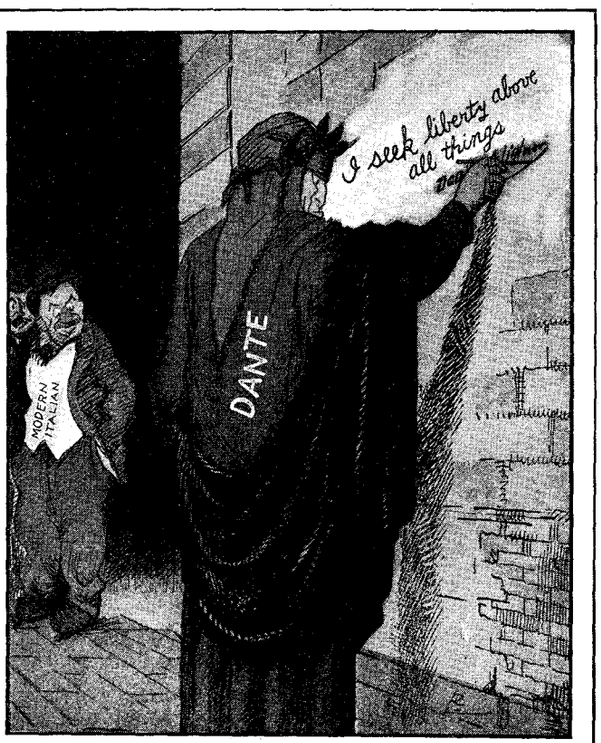
FOREIGN - COMMENT

MUSSOLINI'S NEW VICTORY

SINCE THE TRIUMPHANT MARCH of the Fascists on Rome in the fall of 1922, their leader Mussolini and his ways of government have been often subjected to harsh criticism, but it appears from the opposition Italian press that never before has complaint been so loud and sharp as now because of the electoral reform being pushed through the Senate by the "omnipotent Italian Premier." Rome dispatches relate that until Mussolini made his famous speech on the electoral reform bill before the Chamber of Deputies there was some doubt about its future there. But the vote on that occasion of 335 in favor and 139 against the bill dissipated all doubts. Deputies of all political beliefs, except the Socialists, Communists and Republicans, rushed to him, and with wild shouts of the Fascist cry, we read, carried him in triumph round the Chamber while all the spectators in the public gallery rose and sang Fascist war songs vociferously. These dispatches inform us further that the Fascists had made approval of their reform such an integral part of their program that its rejection would have resulted in a tremendous loss of prestige. No doubts are felt about the success of the bill in the Senate, so that neutral observers in Rome believe that the Fascists will come out of their first serious Parliamentary battle, not only with the reform bill to their credit, but with a great increase of power.



OLD AND NEW IN ITALY

DANTE WRITES: "I seek liberty!"
BYSTANDERS: "That fellow will come to a bad end."

—*L'Asino* (Rome)

The chief purpose of the new election law, according to some correspondents, is to give the party or bloc of parties winning a plurality of votes not only, as was formerly the case, a number of seats corresponding with the number of their votes, but 350 seats, and therefore an absolute majority. The remaining 179 seats, it appears, will be divided among the other parties according to their returns in the vote. Some Italian journals point out that Mussolini has responded to present criticism by making a slight concession in modifying the percentage of seats in Parliament which are to be given to the party victorious in the election. Instead of having two-thirds of the seats the victorious party will have three-fifths of them. Fascism, which has only thirty-five representatives in the Chamber, will have an absolute majority in the coming election, we are told, if, as is expected, it polls more votes than any of the other parties, altho the voters of all these other parties together far outnumber the adherents of Mussolini. The Rome *Epoca* declares:

"No Government has ever attempted to force such an issue, disregarding all precedents and abandoning true representative government. For the sake of a fictitious majority, Fascism is endangering its splendid victory. Enjoying the popularity that he now enjoys, Mussolini should realize that no such drastic step is necessary."

No less emphatic is the condemnatory voice of the Turin *Mondo*, which declares that:

"Nothing forced the Government to enter on this dangerous path, but if our directors sincerely believed that a change was necessary for the sake of the nation, they should have had the tact to adopt a program more in accord with the spirit of our institutions, more serious and well founded, without depriving the great majority of Italian citizens of the fundamental right to vote and to be represented in the government of the country. It looks as if the fanatics of Fascism would like to administer castor oil to the Chambers and to the majority of the country in the same form as they have done in countless individual cases.

"As the project stands it is a despicable lottery, which will deepen the internal divisions of the Italian family. No political nor moral reason of any kind whatever can be argued by the Government to favor the reform: a turn to the right is not only necessary but immensely more advantageous, patriotic and more dignified."

The Rome *Popolo*, organ of the Catholic party, says that Italy is at the parting of the roads, for—

"Either the Government and the Fascist party intend to follow the constitutional practises in use in the country, respecting the liberty of thought, of speech and of the press, admitting the existence of dissenting opinions, or Fascism denies all its opponents a free enunciation of their opinions, and the Chamber is to accept without discussion all that Fascism considers good for the country."

Answering its critics, at home and abroad, Fascism replies through its official mouthpiece, *L'Agenzia Volta*, as follows:

"The opposition raised by some opponents to Fascism originates in the ignorance of what Fascism really is. Fascism saved the country from Bolshevism and put new life into the impoverished organism of the State. It brought immense prestige to the Government, put the name of Italy on the map of the world and is on the road to a complete Italian renaissance. Being the armed representation of the large majority of the Italian people tired of incapable Governments, it commands, instead of being only a political party. It represents the youth and might in action and admits no indifferents. One must be Fascist or Antifascist. There is no middle ground."

An exhaustive review of recent parliamentary developments in Italy, as seen through German eyes, appears in the correspondence of the Rome representative of the *Koelnische Zeitung*. Proportional suffrage, which was introduced in 1919 by Premier

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Nitti, he tells us, was designed as a safety valve in the legislature against the discontent rife in Italy because "for the meager gains of the World War she had sacrificed nearly 700,000 men and contracted an enormous national debt." Nitti's plan succeeded in every respect, according to this German correspondent, who relates that "the bomb of Socialistic indignation, exploded before its time and the Socialist revolution which threatened the country for a time was drowned in the chatter of the galleries and assembly rooms of Parliament." We read further that the proportional system of voting induced the Catholics after fifty years of political abstinence to establish as a counter-balance against Socialism the Catholic People's Party or the Partito Popolare Italiano. The new party formed a dam, which now and then

MUSSOLINIAN CONFIDENCE

THE GARDENER: "See, madame, how it flourishes!"
MISTRESS: "Yes, but what about the enemies at the roots?"
THE GARDENER: "My exterminator never fails."
—*Il 420* (Florence).

might be "overflowed by the socialists' flood, but never could be broken through," and this writer adds:

"Fascism, which was in its infancy at this time, had in the May elections of 1915 obtained 35 of the 529 seats in the Chamber of Deputies and so was not at all in a position to prevent the advance of proportional suffrage. But this system had its defects, the chief of which were the incapacity of the Socialists and the permanent weakness of government authorities, and to them Fascism is more indebted for victory than to any other factor. After the 'bloodless revolution' of October 28, 1922, the Chamber without further ado submitted to the dictatorship of Mussolini. Between the different parties ensued a regular contest for cooperation with the Fascists, and this rivalry continued in spite of all the kicks and blows that Mussolini time and again dealt to 'the squash court,' as he pleases to call Parliament."

The reason Mussolini is trying to get such a grip on Parliament, we are told, is that he knows "the future is a fickle jade to be reckoned with by every dictator, and that upon future developments depends the security of his position." It is pointed out further by this Rome correspondent that during the past few months Mussolini and his party leaders have been trying hard to find ways and means to prolong his dictatorship "at least for the next five years."

ANXIETY IN THE PACIFIC

THE RULING OUTLOOK of the Pacific nations is uncertainty and mistrust, according to some Australian editors who are particularly interested in Japan and her relations with Australia. There is no thought of aggression in the minds of any British people against Japan, they say, and if only Japan would state her intentions clearly, it would put an end to anxiety. The Sydney *Morning Herald* notes that it has been clear for some time that Japan's immediate objective is expansion of influence on the mainland of Asia, and therefore the question arises, why can not Australia or the British Empire come to an understanding with her without reserve? But the position is by no means so simple, in the view of this daily, which adds:

"Let us look at the situation from the Japanese point of view. It is not necessarily an aggressive one; indeed, it can be argued as a state also of considerable uneasiness—especially in the matter of America. The United States, parading aloofness from 'international entanglements,' puzzles the Japanese quite as much as Japan puzzles us. America has in the past few years done some extraordinary things. Protesting 'no entanglements' she has renounced the League Covenant, yet exhibited the utmost enthusiasm for the Washington Pact, and even an extension of it. Can any non-American observer reconcile this divergence in principle? Further, she—the country of 'the bird of freedom'—has suddenly shut down iron gates upon all immigration, and has created the material for a dozen international complications by her ruthless prohibition laws. The springing up of the huge smuggling campaign on the American coasts and the arming of American patrol boats may—like the immigration embargo—be declared a purely domestic affair, but it is, by spread of reaction, very much more, as any observer can see.

"While these American administrative acts may not directly and now concern Japan, the point is that what does arouse Japanese disquiet is the international attitude—utterly at variance with exprest tenets of peace, compromise, and freedom for all—of a great liberty-professing Power."

What Australians must recognize, according to this newspaper, is that they are "in the presence of a possible conflict which is always liable to break out in open quarrel." To ascribe the friction to "capitalistic greed" or the malevolence of diplomatists is to "remain wilfully blind," and we read:

"Australians say—'If only Japan would indicate her peaceful intentions!' But do we not ourselves contribute to our state of anxiety? We have set up the policy of a White Australia. Good; the Japanese have accepted it; they have officially recognized it. But what does it mean? We may be perfectly sure that it does not mean to Japan or any other foreign people—probably not even to our own people in Great Britain—that the present condition of Australia, largely unpopulated and undeveloped, is approved as permanent and sufficient. Japan, confronted with the need (in her own eyes, at any rate) to find room for her surplus people, can not be condemned as satanic because she should say, as she may some day, 'We admit and respect Australia's right to make herself a white country; but we do not and never have admitted the right of Australia to keep herself empty and unused.' Our responsibility is plain. We must carry out our policy and develop our resources with white people. If we can not accept this Japanese attitude, then we are living in a world of self-delusion."

A vivid picture of Japan from a naval and from an economic view-point appears in the Auckland *Weekly News*, which points out that geographically Japan commands the gateway of the Far East, and adds:

"A continuous chain of islands runs from the Sea of Okhotsk down to the tropics. Tsushima's naval station guards the passage between Kiusiu and Korea, and cuts communications between Port Arthur and Vladivostok. The Formosa channel and the routes to Shanghai from Europe are controlled by the Pescadores. Japan's harbors are among the finest in the world, and they are so supplied with defenses that in time of war a large part of her Navy could be spared for offensive operations abroad. Eminent strategists regard her situation as impregnable. An adequate fleet seeking to attack her now would have to travel

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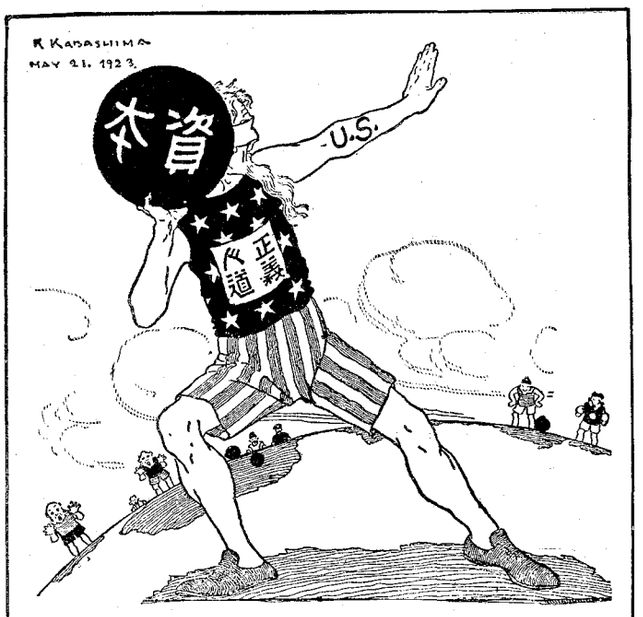


A LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENT

"Uncle Sam is very proud of his strength and flings his money-shot far to the terror of every one."

—*Asahi* (Osaka)

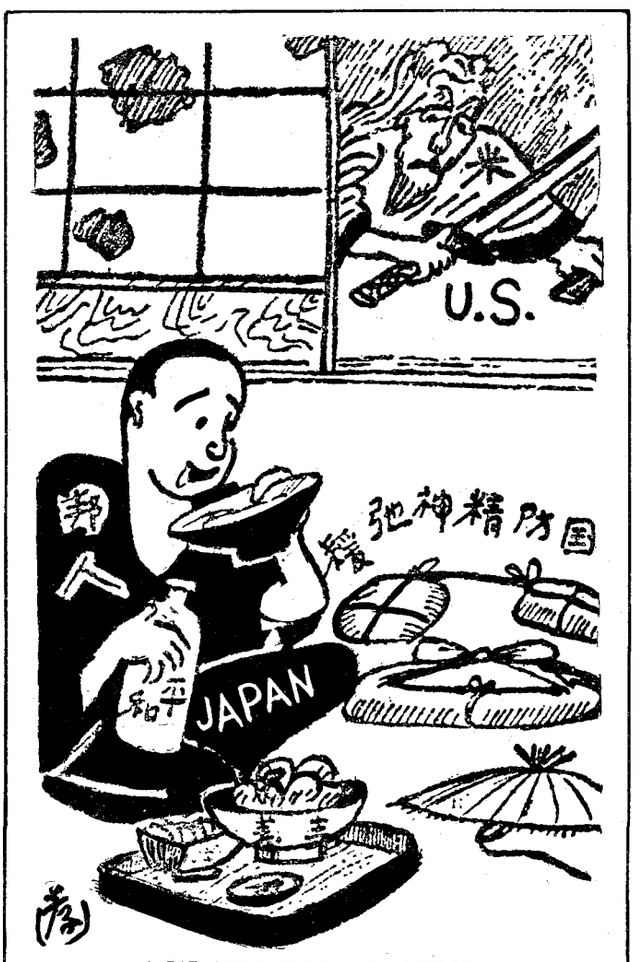
10,000 miles from Europe or 5,000 miles from the United States with an enormous accompanying flotilla of oil-tankers and supply ships, and take its own floating docks and repair facilities. Vice-Admiral Ballard, director of the Operations Division of the British Admiralty War Staff, has declared that for success in a war against Japan the assailant would need a fleet three times as powerful as the Japanese. No Power is at present in a position to send such a fleet on this errand. It is not suggested that an enterprise of this kind is a near possibility, nor that Japan contemplates any onslaught on any other Great Power across the Pacific. The undertaking as to her naval program given by her at the Washington Conference has been loyally honored, and of late the military party in Japan has lost ground. But, in view of her apparent determination to exploit China as a field for surplus population, her naval bulwark against foreign interference is of high strategic value."

This New Zealand weekly reminds us that only about 16 per cent. of the land in Japan is available for habitation, and there is an average of about 360 people to the square mile. It is estimated that in a very short time a large percentage of adult male Japanese will be unable to find employment in their country. But China, notwithstanding a massing of population in some parts, could absorb a considerable number of Japanese, and we are further told that:

"To China Japan looks for part at least of the solution of her population problem. For years a policy of peaceful penetration has been pursued. Railroads, guarded by Japanese troops, industries staffed with Japanese workers, undertakings bought with Japanese money, concessions secured by Japanese political pressure, and similar advances of Japanese enterprise have given Japan a great hold in China. Her mercantile marine, now the third largest in the world, has maintained close communication between the two countries. Her expanding manufactures, increasing wealth, and growing self-confidence are bringing every day a powerful impact upon her less-organized neighbor, making emigration to China increasingly easy for Japanese artizans, and they are going thither. This phase of the Far East's problem calls for close study by Western statesmen. It holds sinister possibilities should the world's peace be again seriously ruptured. Japanese employment of China's resources would mean a junction of forces hard to withstand. The British base at Singapore will offset this risk somewhat, but the menace can best be met, not by increasing naval opposition, but by multiplying links of commercial and political association. In Japan's sharing of the comity of nations, rather than in her aloofness or ostracism, lie the safeguards of peace."

DID PATRIARCH TIKHON RECANT?

IT WILL NEVER BE KNOWN whether the spiritual head of the Russian Greek Catholic Church, Patriarch Tikhon, really did confess error in opposing the Soviet Government, we are told by some European editors, who hold that no trust can be placed in any utterances of Moscow. The remark is elicited by a sensational alleged statement from the imprisoned Patriarch to the Supreme Soviet Court which appeared in the Moscow *Isviestia* of June 27, 1923, and was reprinted in many European and American newspapers. In this statement Patriarch Tikhon declares that "having been brought up in a monarchical environment, and having been subject, until the day of arrest, to the influence of anti-Soviet persons," he was actually an enemy of the Soviet régime. He admits that at times his "passive enmity transformed itself into active resistance, as for instance, in the appeal issued in 1918 on the occasion of the Brest-Litovsk Treaty, the anathematizing in the same year of the Soviet Government, and the protest in 1922 against the decree on the sequestration of church property." Having "confessed all these crimes," according to the statement published in *Isviestia*, the Patriarch begs the Soviet authorities to release him from durance, and concludes: "Henceforth I am not an enemy of the Soviet Government. Decisively and resolutely I have separated myself from the White Monarchistic counter-revolution in Russia as well as outside of Russia." From the Russian press we learn that the Supreme Soviet Court agreed to the release of the Patriarch, tho announcing that his trial would be taken up, in due course. Editorially the *Isviestia* remarks that:



A JAPANESE FLING AT AMERICA

"The Japanese are drinking Peace Sake, without knowing what the future holds, while Uncle Sam appears from behind with a knife."

—*Yorodzu* (Tokio)

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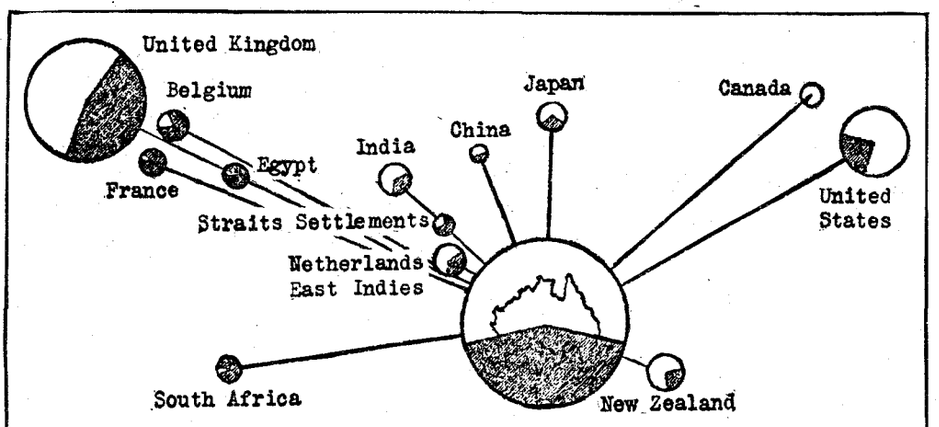
"Tho very late, Tikhon has repented and come to the conclusions stated by him after a protracted struggle against the Soviet authorities, and when it had become clear to him that his policy was a failure, and that instead of leading to victory, it resulted in dissension and schism in the church. Then '*urbi et orbi*' he announced his repentance. This enabled the Soviet Government to give proof of its magnanimity and to show by its release of the Patriarch that it is inspired neither by the desire of vengeance nor by the wish to persecute the church as such."

A similar note of self-righteousness appears in the Moscow *Pravda*, which reports that—

"After the execution of the Catholic spy, Butchkavich, the Catholic, the Protestant and the merely venal press raised howls to the effect that the Russian priests led by Patriarch Tikhon were persecuted and tortured in Soviet Russia. . . . But this campaign has led to unexpected results. The Supreme Conclave of the new Russian Church informed the Archbishop of Canterbury in a quiet and firm tone that the situation of churches and religions in Soviet Russia is not at all bad and, in fact, is better than it was under the Tsarist autocracy. . . . The statement of the ex-Patriarch definitely exposes this shameful and dishonest campaign. He now understands that he was misled by political tricksters, and he views his activities in a new light. . . . He repudiates his associates who continue their machinations against Soviet Russia from within as well as from without."

On the other hand, anti-Bolshevist Russian journals are puzzled to understand why Patriarch Tikhon made the statement attributed to him—if he did make it. Thus the Paris *Posliednia Novosti* remarks:

"There is only one inference to be made from the analysis of the statement, and this inference is that it was not written by Patriarch Tikhon. It is perfectly evident that the text of this 'petition to His Majesty' was drafted by the Bolsheviks themselves. So far we can not say whether the Patriarch's signature appended to it was falsified or wrested from the enfeebled hand of the aged prelate. But, even admitting that the document actually bears his signature, one can hardly think that the Patriarch simply yielded to the violence. The devilish scheme of the Bolsheviks—to destroy the moral influence of this eminent man—can not be doubted. But it can not be doubted, either, that in this they will fall short of success, for no one will be misled by a signature procured under mysterious and unknown circumstances. If the Bolsheviks are not afraid of publicity, why should they not allow Patriarch Tikhon to leave Russia and confirm his statement in foreign territory? We do not doubt that after having resorted to this unheard-of falsehood they will not dare to let him go, for this would result in a new denunciation of Bolshevist machinations."



THE WHENCE AND WHITHER OF AUSTRALIA'S TRADE

The white areas show the proportion of imports into Australia from the various countries, while the shaded areas indicate the proportion of Australian goods sold to those lands in return. This diagram is prepared by S. W. B. McGregor, senior British Trade Commissioner in Australia.

—*The Mail* (Brisbane, Australia).

WHY UNCLE SAM "RILES" AUSTRALIA

IF BRITAIN BENDS BACKWARD to please the United States, as some irate British observers complain, there is no such conciliatory attitude to be found in Australia, to judge from such a representative weekly as the Sydney *Bulletin*. If Australia "isn't the seat of a wholly kickable community," this periodical argues, it is time to take measures to deal properly with its "large neighbor across the Pacific." Some reasons for this declaration are that United States "sell us, in some years, £26,000,000 worth more than they buy from us, and they always sell us a lot more than they will buy." This weekly claims that all the surplus Australia makes in trade with all the other countries of the world and all its gold output are "at times eaten up by paying for surplus Yankee goods," and it goes on to say:

"Constant tightening of the United States tariff, with no similar tightening of ours, is making the bad position worse. It is no sin on the other fellow's part to bill us, as he did in 1921, for over £26,000,000 for which he would take nothing but cash. But it is driveling weakness on our part to let him.

"The United States man has some high-handed, off-handed ways which he might correct out of the natural goodness of his heart, if the matter was pointed out with the proper instrument. For instance, a perfectly respectable Australian arriving at a United States port with a perfectly good United States passport may be thrown into what is really a jail for being 'in excess of the quota.' The quota provides that less than 300 Australians may go to the United States per annum to settle, and about 30,000 Italians. The excess man learns that he is excess by being run in for being excess.

"The latest, of course, is the anti-liquor law, by which the people on any British ship which calls for an hour or two at a wayside Yankee port like Honolulu must get rid of their grog outside the three-mile limit. Yet no one has the grit to enact that every United States citizen approaching a foreign shore must throw his revolver overboard outside the three-mile limit."

Of course, all these doings are quite lawful, the Sydney *Bulletin* admits, yet points out that there is no reason why the Australian also should not do something "lawful, likewise necessary, strenuous and calculated to advertise his country more than can be done by 10,000 Trade Commissioners." *The Bulletin's* idea is to establish a quota not of imported settlers, but of imported goods, and it explains:

"When the Commonwealth's purchases from the United States have, during five successive years, exceeded its sales to that country by more than 50 per cent., the Law of the Quota shall automatically come in force.

"And after that, when, at any time in any year, the goods received from that country shall equal in value the goods sent to it in the whole preceding year, the receipt of goods from said country shall cease until the next 1st of January, and any more goods coming to hand will be sent back at the cost of the person who sent them here, and the person to whom they are consigned shall not pay for them, and no action for recovery of the money shall lie, or be of any use whatsoever.

"That would advertise Australia, and elevate it enormously in the respect of United States people, as being not the worm it looked. It would also lead to the opening of hurried negotiations. The United States might even allow the British subject here to travel between two big sections of his own Empire in a British ship which was permitted to supply its passengers with a drink at meals, even tho it did make a passing call at a United States island port *en route*."

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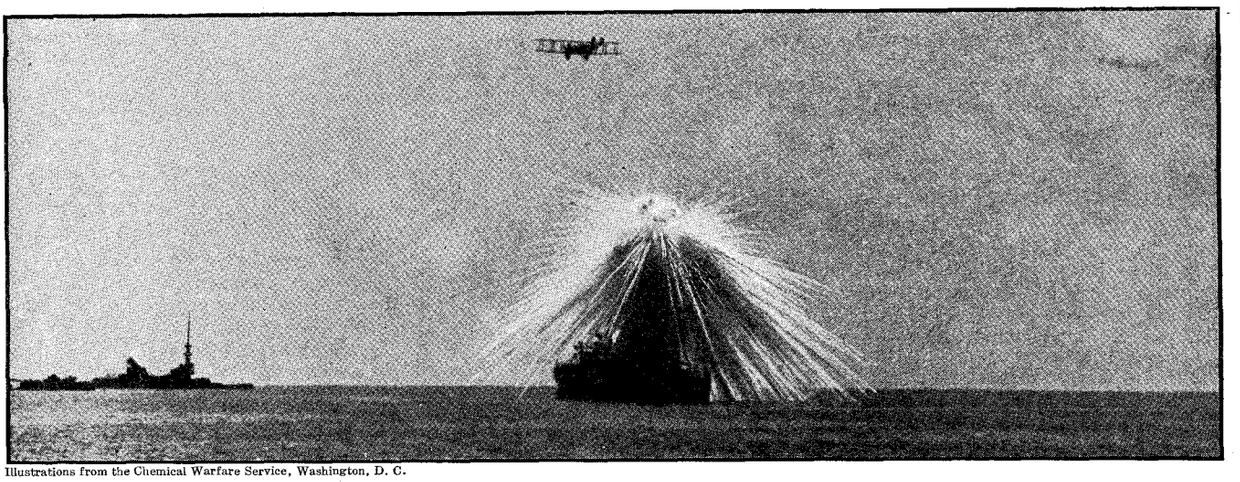

Illustrations from the Chemical Warfare Service, Washington, D. C.

DIRECT HIT ON THE FIGHTING-TOP OF A BATTLE-SHIP WITH A WHITE PHOSPHORUS BOMB

CHEMISTRY IN THE NEXT WAR

THE LAST WAR was emphatically a war of science and mechanics. The next one, when it comes, may be even more so, and Major Victor Lefebure, of the French Army, believes that it will be particularly a war of chemistry. In his recent book, "The Riddle of the Rhine" (Dutton), whose title refers to the author's speculations about the present plans and abilities of the Germans toward undertaking a war of revenge, he develops this idea at some length, pointing out how at any moment a skilled chemist may devise some slight modification of an existing poison-gas that would place certain victory in the hands of those who could monopolize it. That our own Chemical Warfare Service had made, or at least had in sight, such a gas, was definitely stated in our own press just after the war; and altho Major Lefebure does not mention this rumor, he gives unstinted praise to the American service, and to its foresightedness in preparing chemical weapons on a huge scale. Finally he warns us that no prohibition or agreement is going to stop the use of such weapons when national existence is believed to be at stake. He writes thus of the possibility of new war chemicals:

"The first main group of substances with which we were faced during the war contained such types as chlorin and phosgene, whose chief line of attack was directed toward the respiratory system. Specific protection rapidly developed and, once obtained, led to violent attempts to penetrate it or 'break it down.' The introduction of mustard gas confirmed, what the use of lachrymators had suggested, that the most fruitful line would be found by attacking human functions hitherto immune. First the lungs, then the eyes, then the skin of the human being came under fire, so to speak. What further developments appear possible on these lines? Assuming that means are found to protect satisfactorily the respiratory system, and the eyes, what other vulnerable points can the war chemical find in the human organism?

"It is by no means visionary to picture the loss of the sense of taste and smell by the use of some chemical. Partially successful efforts were made by both sides during the war to mask the odor of the harmful constituent of a shel' filling by introducing an appropriate 'camouflage' compound. Colonel R. F. Bacon of the American Chemical Warfare Service says: 'The gas-camouflage is of particular interest. Malodorous compounds are useful to mask the presence of other "gases" or to force the enemy to wear respirators when no other "gases" are present. Camouflage gases are also useful in that they save "mustard gas" and the highly lethal gases.'

"In this field of chemical attack upon hitherto immune human functions, it must be borne in mind that any nation in a position to effect such a surprize would be in a commanding position. It is believed, for example, that the human being maintains his equilibrium through the proper functioning of the semi-circular canals behind the inner ear. It does not appear possible to attack them chemically directly, but they might be reached by the absorption of some suitable chemical into the system in the very small concentrations now possible on the field of battle. It has been advanced that the control of equilibrium occurs through the movement of certain hairs through a liquid within these canals. If this be so, then one would simply require to solidify or change the viscosity of this liquid. Would this be difficult? Probably not, for most of the body fluids are of that colloidal nature in which coagulation occurs in the presence of small quantities of special agents. Such a result might cause the individual to lose his equilibrium. This would prohibit all organized movement. An army thus attained would be less mobile than a colony of cripples.

"Every one is acquainted with the peculiar effects produced by various anesthetics. Think for a moment of the possibilities which they unfold. They may produce temporary unconsciousness or absolute immobility without loss of consciousness. The second type, of which stovaine is a good example, produces its effects in very small concentration. A few drops injected into the spinal column are sufficient to prevent all movement for a number of hours. We can not expect to obtain the conditions of the operating table on the battle-field, but chemicals which are effective in very small quantities or concentrations may find another channel into the human system. For this reason the development of the mask is of great importance."

The use of a chemical which attacks some unexpected human function introduces many disturbing and disorganizing factors. Thus the introduction of mustard gas, Major Lefebure tells us, has left us with a number of unsolved problems. By employing this substance he says Germany departed from her usual caution and violated one of the first principles of chemical warfare. It is unsound for any nation to introduce a new weapon, unless that nation is, itself, furnished with the means of protection against its eventual employment by the enemy. The Germans were convinced that their enemies could not retaliate with mustard gas, because they could not produce it. It was a miscalculation. He continues:

"Protection of the skin of the individual soldier against mustard gas was theoretically possible in three ways. In the

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first place a number of chemical solutions were devised which, applied to the affected skin, would destroy the poisonous chemical. This was a bad method, and was never efficiently employed. German army orders after the French introduction of mustard gas were bristling with references to chlorid of lime or bleaching powder. A wire from the Third German Army to the War Ministry, Berlin, dated 17th July, 1918, stated: 'Chlorid of lime has all been issued in boxes to the troops. Reserves exhausted.' One had the impression of a drowning man catching at a straw. Supply on a sufficient scale to cover most cases was practically impossible.

"The second method which was attempted on a large scale was the protection of each soldier by special mustard-gas-proof clothing, but a man, fighting for his life on the battle-field, will not tolerate such a handicap to movement. The third solution, which was tried experimentally on a large scale, was to cover soldiers going into action with a cream or paste of protective chemical. This could not be regarded as a permanent form of protection.

"Mustard gas infected whole areas for many days, owing to its great persistency. It was often necessary to cross such zones for attack or counter-attack. How was this to be effected without huge losses? It was found possible, literally by creating roads of bleach, that is, by sprinkling bleaching powder on chosen lanes through the infected area, to pass columns of troops through such areas, but this can not be viewed as a practicable solution.

"Chemical warfare has introduced a new type of strategic and tactical obstacle. It has introduced a method of blocking out chosen areas of the battle-field in such a way as to prevent their effective use for military defense, communications, or other purposes. It is now possible, by chemical means, to give a normal piece of country the same value as a natural obstacle, or one organized for defense by formidable engineering construction, and manned by rifles and machine-guns. Even in the quantities which have already appeared on the battle-field, gas has rendered whole zones practically unusable for huge masses of men, owing to the certainty of a very high percentage of casualties.

"At any time, a substance of the same strategic value as mustard gas, but with much more violent casualty effects, may be discovered. According to the statement of an apparently reliable prisoner in 1918, the Germans were going to employ a 'White Cross' gas shell, stronger than any of the gases at present in use; it possest a persistence up to eight days, and could, therefore, not be used on the front for an assault. We can forecast the use of a chemical which will not only permit the formation of defensive flanks, or pockets, in the enemy front, or in our own defensive positions, but, by replacing the relatively mild casualty effect of mustard gas by a highly and rapidly lethal effect, will render these areas not only strategically, but physically, impassable.

"The discovery and mass production of a persistent lethal substance is likely to convert No-Man's-Land into a permanently infected gas zone, manned by special outposts of permanently protected troops. This may render unnecessary the highly organized trench-assembly systems of the recent war. A recent writer has shown us the future tank carrying war into the enemy's country and destroying his nerve centers. Such operations will have to occur through a wide zone of the new gas and will necessitate the anti-gas tank. Indeed, one of the most important functions of the tank will be to carry the advance guard of an army beyond the infected No-Man's-Land.

"The combination of gas and aircraft presents the possibility of attaining strategic effects by chemical means. Many rumors were afloat, toward the end of the war, regarding the use of gas by enemy aircraft, and there was apprehension among the civil populations, which has been reflected in numerous public utterances. Evidence on the matter is very scanty. In July, 1917, the use of gas in airplane bombs by the Germans was reported, but not confirmed. In July, 1918, there were again rumors that Blue Cross bombs had been dropt on the British near Ficheux. But the war gave us no direct evidence of the successful use of gas and war chemicals from aircraft. This, however, is no criterion as to its eventual importance. The Allies definitely refrained from employing the combination until Germany should give them the start in what was regarded as a new atrocity."

THE VERY LATEST THING

Soldier equipped with the new type of American gas-mask.

In conclusion, Major Lefebure reminds us that altho the physical sciences have left their mark on every weapon and mechanical appliance, the most revolutionary upheaval in warfare, with permanent results, came from chemistry. The flexible nature of organic chemistry, he insists, must not be lost sight of. He says:

"In the physical sciences, electricity, for example, years of coordinated world progress are required to produce an epoch-making discovery which might have critical and direct war significance. Radioactivity has shown us what undreamt-of energy is bound up in the atom, and many are the prophecies regarding the harnessing of these forces for constructive activities. But in organic chemistry a single worker, following up some rare family of compounds, may stumble upon a substance not far removed chemically from related compounds yet infinitely more potent for war. The persistent lethal compound which will vastly change the nature of warfare will probably be but a slight chemical modification of some harmless substance. This is not the only reason, however, for the unique war importance of organic chemicals. It so happens that many of them are essential to our daily life as dyes, drugs, photographic and other synthetic products. Industries, therefore, have arisen for their manufacture."

And this is not all:

"Organic chemical factories have proved to be not only arsenals in disguise, but endowed with the flexibility of their parent, the science itself. The factories and plants ignore the war significance of the problems put to them. They can develop the production of practically any chemical which research can produce. The will of man can thus silently and swiftly convert the dye factory into an arsenal."

IODIN AS A WATER-PURIFIER—"During your vacation this year, don't feel that you have to get typhoid fever because you may have to drink from a polluted stream," says Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington.) It is not stylish any more. The Army Medical School has perfected a rapid and easy way of purifying drinking-water while you wait. We read further:

'Hold your quart thermos bottle in one hand and fill it with water. Add one drop—two will do no damage—of tincture of iodin, the ordinary 7 per cent. kind that you buy at the corner drug-store. Shake the water up a bit and that's all! In twenty or thirty minutes all the harmful bacteria that are likely to be there will be killed, says Major A. P. Hitchens of the Medical Corps. The amount of iodin added is too slight to even taste. Bacteriologists used to think that all the bacteria in water had to be killed before it would be fit to drink, or 'potable' as our waterworks friends say, he explained to-day. It has, however, been found that it is seldom that any harmful bacteria will be present that can not be rather easily destroyed. The greatest danger in drinking water of unknown purity is from diseases, of the typhoid fever and cholera group, that are caused by non-spore-forming organisms and can be easily killed as compared to many entirely harmless bacteria. It is for this reason that the simple iodin treatment is so effective."

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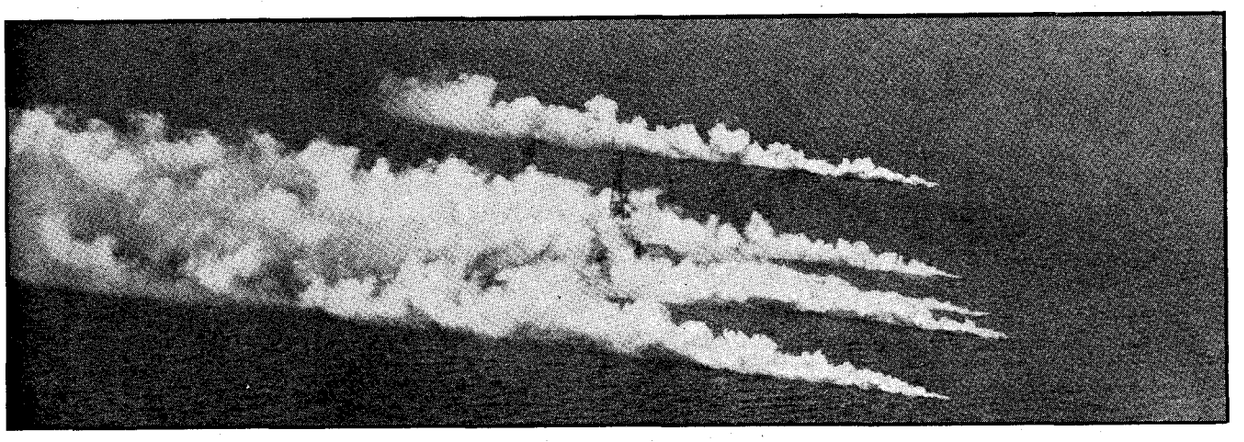

SMOKE-SCREEN HIDING A BATTLE-SHIP

THE HAUNTED RESTAURANT

THE FOLLOWING TALE, credited to the "Research Narratives" issued by the Engineering Foundation, appears in *The Western Machinery World* (San Francisco). If it did not actually happen, it certainly might have happened; and may serve as a warning to those who chance to live next door to a powerful electric station. Once upon a time, we are told, a restaurateur on Manhattan Island leased a building hard by a substation of the local electric light company, from which electric current for light and power was dispensed to the district round about. In due course the premises were equipped for appeasing human hunger and were opened for business. Patrons came "from far and near."

"Not long thereafter, the manager of the light and power company found in his morning mail a letter from the restaurant keeper, complaining that 'electricity' from the adjoining substation was cutting up such pranks in his restaurant that his business was being seriously interfered with, and would the lighting company please take steps to confine their loose current within their own station walls. Indeed, he could do no business. No 'help' would stay, nor patrons come, because of the strange happenings in his establishment. His silver and plated ware were blackened and his utensils of iron and steel were magnetized; customers' watches were stopt, and table knives would not stay where they were put.

"The manager called one of his electrical engineers and showed him the letter. 'The man has queer ideas, very queer; but let's make an investigation and have an eye open as to the man's truthfulness. Don't let him suspect, however, that you think he may be unbalanced.' Soon the investigator returned. 'Our friend has the goods on us. Conditions are as stated in his letter.' 'How can that be? I'll see for myself!' And to the restaurant they went.

"'Mr. Restaurateur, please be good enough to show us the evidence on which you base your remarkable charge against the electric light company.' 'Kindly come with me. See! Here is my silver, black, as stated. And, now, please watch!' Some knives and forks were placed upon the table as if it were being set for a patron. Instantly they shifted and pointed toward the wall between the restaurant and the electric station. 'Remarkable! Mr. Restaurateur, this is a dangerous state of affairs. Suppose one of your guests should attempt to eat his peas with his knife! The knife might switch round and cut his mouth from ear to ear!' 'Oh, Mr. Manager, this is nothing! Come to the kitchen.' An iron pot was taken to the stove; when near its place, it suddenly went down with a bang, as if seized by a mighty unseen hand.

"The explanation was easy and the remedy, too, thanks to Science. On the substation side of the party-wall were many large electrical conductors, leading heavy currents into and from the converters. These conductors created and maintained a powerful magnetic 'field.' For the 'lines of force' of this field, the brick wall was no barrier. But magnetic screens could be simply made. In this case it sufficed to cover the restaurant side of the wall with heavy steel plates, just as the lighter stamped steel plates are often used on ceilings and walls in lieu of plaster. For the blackening of the silver, however, the manager refused to accept responsibility, but suggested that a little more liberal use of elbow grease and metal polish might take care of that condition. Of course, another obvious solution would be the equipment of the tables with non-magnetic knives and forks."

DO MOTOR CARS MAKE US LAZY?

THERE CAN BE NO QUESTION about the usefulness of automobiles, says a writer in *The Medical Review of Reviews* (New York), nor about the desire for leisure which makes up the large number of people who drive, not because they are in a hurry or have to cover long distances, but because they are lazy and so drive everywhere instead of walking. He asks, "Are we going to become a physically lazy nation, and, through lack of exercise, a people of pendulous abdomens and small legs?" To quote from his article:

"Walking is one of the best forms of exercise, and one of the best means of keeping healthy. It will often prevent obesity, and will cure many cases of indigestion.

"Oftentimes walking will reduce flesh five or ten pounds in a short time. A walk a day, from three to ten miles, should be a health rule for every one. During the war when doctors were sent to training-camps, it was easy to tell a new man by his appearance; his skin was yellow, his abdomen pendulous and he was fatigued on slight exertion. He probably had not walked in several years, driving from one house to another. After a month in camp, with setting-up exercises, drills twice daily, equitation, long hikes, a change was noticeable; the skin lost its yellow appearance, the superfluous flesh disappeared, and in every way the man looked more healthy.

"Women often consult a physician because they are fat and want to reduce; they diet (by eliminating food they do not care for), follow every fad, from rolling to the Bergonie treatment, yet they are leading exponents of a sedentary life. They hate to walk. When they are advised to walk to reduce their weight they invariably say that they can not because their feet are sore. The very woman who tells her children about the old custom of the Chinese women pinching their feet, unconsciously follows the same custom by wearing pointed-toe shoes which are so uncomfortable that she is crippled as far as walking is concerned."

CONCRETE REINFORCED WITH BAMBOO—Bamboo, which has been chemically treated, is used as a reinforcing for concrete in Japan and, we are told in *Concrete* (Detroit):

"According to Henry C. Hitchcock, the American consul, Nagasaki, Japan, the chemicals used in treating the bamboo are apparently known only to the few who have made use of them. Bamboo is occasionally used without any chemicals to protect it from decay, in the construction of concrete ditches, small culverts and the like in districts where there is a great deal of sulfur in the soil and sulfur gas in the air, for the reasons that it is believed that bamboo is not so quickly destroyed by the sulfur as ordinary reinforcing would be."

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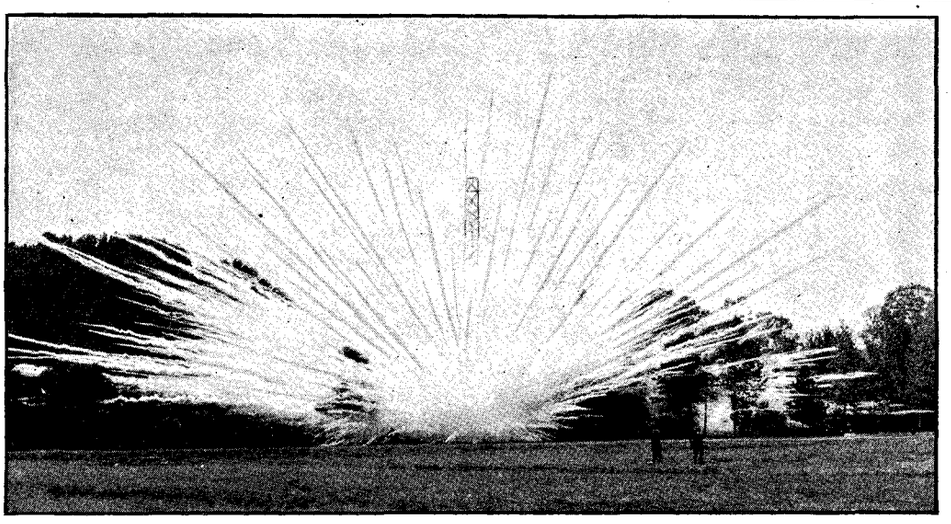
WHEN RADIO AND COPYRIGHT CLASH

THE LAWYERS are rubbing their hands over the advent of radio-broadcasting, for it has brought up a number of very pretty little legal questions, some of which remain undecided. Broadcasting was unknown when the present copyright act was passed. Some of the provisions of the act apply clearly to it, while others are open to doubt. For instance, is a broadcasting performance a "public performance"? Do a lot of persons, each in the privacy of his own home, constitute a "public audience"? The positive and negative sides of such a debate as this, both have some justification. In *Popular Radio* (New York), Charles H. Kesler discusses at some length a whole class of related questions bearing on this matter, and of vital importance to all those interested in the radiotelephone. Forms of copyrighted matter which may be infringed if broadcasted, include, he tells us, lectures, sermons and addresses, dramatic and dramatico-musical compositions, and musical compositions. In fact, the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, an organization granting licenses for the public delivery of copyrighted songs, intends to charge fees ranging from $250 to $5,000 to radio stations for broadcasting its songs and musical selections. He goes on:



WHITE PHOSPHORUS BOMB BURSTING AT THE BASE OF A 90-FOOT TOWER

One of the preparations of chemistry for the next war.

"This society has been formed for the purpose of granting licenses to persons who desire to render copyrighted musical selections in public. It is a lawful organization and a practical one, as it is apparent how difficult it would be for an artist or other person or company to secure licenses from each owner, author or composer individually. Of course, a license gives no one the right to render copyrighted songs owned by persons who are not members of this society.

"It was not until 1909 that the copyright law conferred upon an author or owner of a copyright, the exclusive right 'to perform or represent the copyrighted work publicly for profit if it be a musical composition,' altho there was then in force, and still is, a criminal statute prohibiting such performances.

"The language of the act is sufficiently broad to give the copyright owner the exclusive right to public performances 'in any manner or by any method whatsoever,' such as by moving pictures, phonographs, radio broadcasting or even where radio receiving is done publicly. This language is also sufficiently broad to cover moving-picture films, phonograph records or music rolls of dramas or musical selections taken from the copyrighted dramatico-musical composition.

"The reader should bear in mind the distinction between mere 'musical compositions,' in which the element of 'profit' must be present in the case of a public performance, and technical 'dramatico-musical compositions' which can not be performed publicly even tho not for profit.

"Another right conferred by the copyright laws is the exclusive one 'to make any arrangement or setting of a musical composition or of the melody of it in any system of notation or any form of record in which the thought of an author may be recorded and from which it may be read or reproduced. . . .'

"The clause quoted relates to phonograph records and music rolls. The payment of royalty on each record or roll made frees the record or roll from further contribution to the copyright except in case of public performance for profit. 'The reproduction or rendition of a musical composition by or upon coin-operated machines shall not be deemed a public performance for profit unless a fee is charged for admission to the place where such reproduction or rendition occurs.'"

What is meant, then, by "public performance for profit"? The Supreme Court of the United States answered this question in two cases considered at the same time. These cases present the question whether the performance of music in a restaurant or hotel without charge for admission to hear it infringes the right of the owner. According to the decision even the playing of a copyrighted "musical composition" in a restaurant by means of a phonograph or player-piano would be considered an infringement, except if the instrument were coin-operated. Mr. Kesler continues:

"It is an erroneous impression which some have that, if they purchase an authorized sheet or a record or a music-roll of a copyrighted song, they can use it to perform or render the song publicly.

"The unauthorized broadcasting of 'dramatico-musical compositions' is an infringement even in cases where the purpose is not profit.

"This means that neither schools, colleges, charitable institutions nor amateurs can broadcast such selections without license, not to mention radio manufacturers.

"The position for a plaintiff or copyright owner may be briefly stated. The broadcasting of copyrighted musical compositions is a public performance because such music is made available to the largest audience in the world. The copyrighted song is thus given the largest possible publicity. Should a broadcaster be allowed to profit without compensation to the copyright proprietor?

"Assuming that the broadcasting of 'musical compositions' is within the copyright laws, only stations which broadcast such compositions without profit are free to do so. Such stations are those owned by charitable, eleemosynary or educational institutions or by governmental agencies.

"Stations owned by manufacturers or dealers in radio apparatus and other goods, or by agencies selling broadcasting service (not renting-stations) are the ones which will be required to be licensed

"There is also the case of users of receivers. I passed a 'radio restaurant' the other day in which the guests were being presumably entertained by radio. Some dealers also furnish radio concerts to attract the crowds. One can hear the music blocks away. If the broadcasters are liable under the copyright laws, these users of receivers are also.

"In summary, no unauthorized radio station of any sort has the legal right to perform publicly musical selections known as 'dramatico-musical compositions.' It can't be done, even if not for profit. But there is some argument for holding that the radio rendition of 'musical compositions' is not an infringement, even tho the purpose is profit. If the courts decide the argument is not a good one, only such persons can broadcast or perform by radio such musical compositions as do not do so for the purpose of profit."

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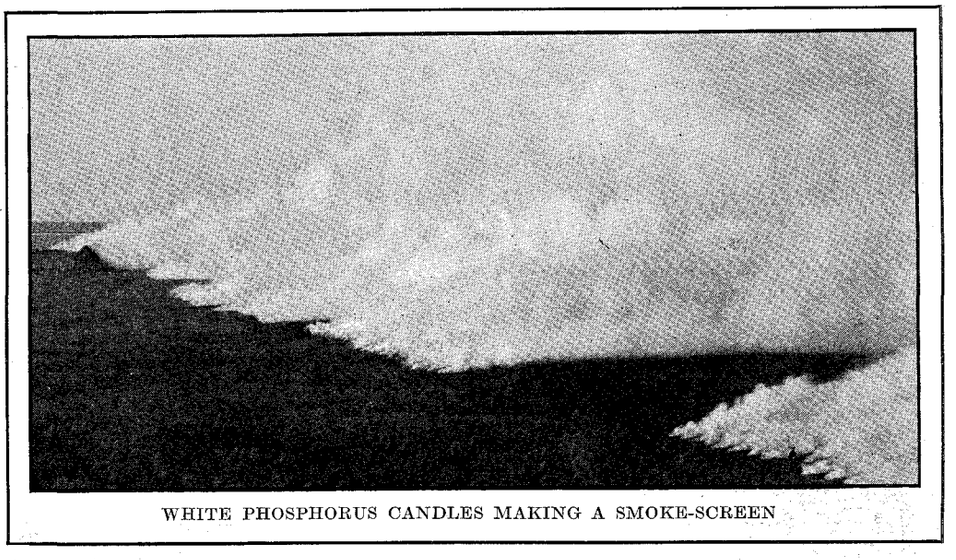
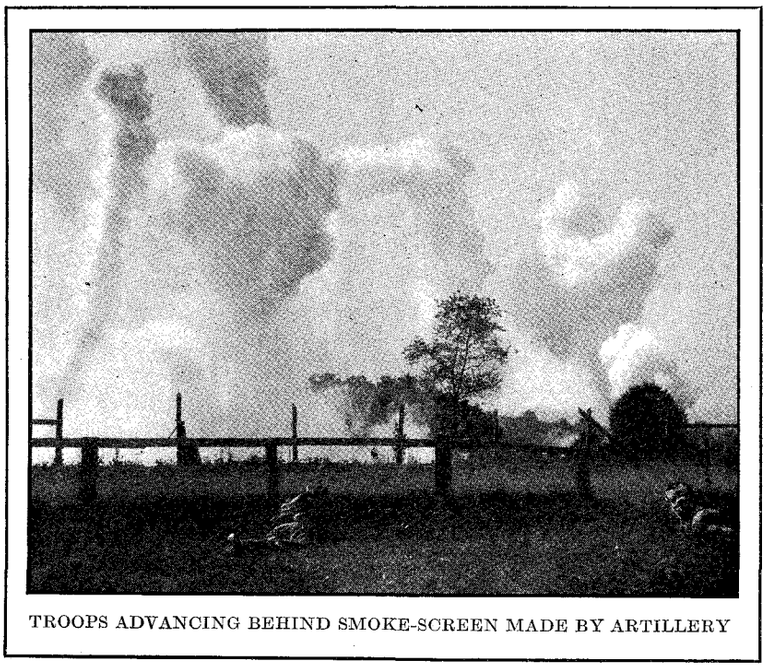
FISH NOT A BRAIN FOOD

RECENT ATTEMPTS TO GET PEOPLE to eat fish by telling them that it is a "brain food" are ridiculed by *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago). During the World War, says an editorial writer, many efforts were devoted to the plan of conserving certain types of food supplies, and of encouraging the use of other more readily available but less popular products. These attempts to alter the traditional dietary habits and food customs of large numbers of persons called for not a little energy in the direction of education and propaganda by all sorts of agencies sympathetic with the governmental food administration bureaus. For instance:

"The hope of increasing the consumption of a great variety of fish in place of the much needed meat was fostered for a number of more or less obvious reasons. A peculiar difficulty was encountered in the fact that fish is largely a 'Friday food' in many homes, and rarely enters there into the meals of the remaining days of the week. There is, of course, no physiologic reason why such a limitation in the use of fish should continue in vogue; indeed, there are reasons why fish could advantageously become a more frequent ingredient of the diet in many parts of the country. From this standpoint, the campaign to advertise fish into all-the-week use has a defensible propriety. It will not be easy to change the established limitations of 'fish day,' but the attempt is certainly justifiable. Not so much can be said of another form of advertisement which tends to perpetuate a long-fostered illusion. Recently, campaigns have been directed to increase the use of specific fishes. In widely circulated advertisements of 'shad —order it to-day' we are told by the promoters of the sales effort that 'it is a tissue builder and for brain-workers has no equal.' Here is an unworthy perpetuation of the old absurd adage that fish is brain food. The fallacy of the assumption that there are specific foods for brain, skin, muscle, lungs or liver building have been pointed out too often to require repetition."



WHITE PHOSPHORUS CANDLES MAKING A SMOKE-SCREEN



TROOPS ADVANCING BEHIND SMOKE-SCREEN MADE BY ARTILLERY

ENGINEERS WHO DON'T WHISTLE

SIX PER CENT. OF THE ENGINEMEN on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad system failed to observe the rule requiring them to whistle at crossings as shown in a recent month's test. The general manager of the road calls this a good record, but there appears to be some doubts on this score in the mind of an editorial writer in *The Railway Age* (New York). In train operation, he says, innumerable occasions arise where a rule must be obeyed just because it is a rule, regardless of any real or supposed temporary justification for not complying with it. Without questioning the facts or the reasoning on which this commendatory notation is based, the writer says he should like to ask any engineman or road foreman of engines if *he* is satisfied with 94 per cent. The tragic toll of motorists at grade crossings makes this question vital. The missing six whistles out of the hundred might save a life. Says this railroad authority:

"Of course, if one's permanent record were to depend on close adherence to the rule to whistle for all crossings, and the runners most neglectful were to have their names put at the bottom of the list, there would be no difficulty in making 100 per cent. We may assume that the 6 per cent. of enginemen, in that M.-K.-T. record, who did not whistle, were alert and could see the highway far enough in advance to be sure that no wayfarer was in danger —the officers of the road must have made some such assumption or they would not have called the record 'good'—but if satisfactory records are to be kept and are to be of use, it is necessary to cut out all such indeterminate elements. To have comparable records which will be of value for future studies, and available for defense in case negligence is charged in a court, it is necessary to do a lot of whistling which, from a narrow local and temporary point of view, may be wholly unnecessary. Somewhere, sometime, some engineman will assume that no whistle is needed and his assumption will prove to be wrong. Many a time an express train could make a hundred-mile journey, safe from derailment, if 10 per cent. of the spikes in the track were gone; but the only business-like rule for the trackmen is to keep 100 per cent. of them in place all the time. Careless ears in the heads of automobile drivers, needing an audible warning every time they approach a railroad track, are now about as numerous as the spikes in the track. The engineman, like the trackman, must make his safety record by means of systematic attention to countless small details, with his thought centered on the one point of doing the duty, oblivious to any speculations about 99½ per cent. being as good as 100."

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LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

WANTED: A VOLSTEAD ACT TO PROHIBIT PLAGIARISM

"INTELLECTUAL BOOTLEGGERS," commonly known as plagiarists, are turning out "synthetic literature" wholesale, it appears, and a distinguished authority tells us that "the brand is for all practical purposes equal to the finest specimens produced on the sunlit slopes of Mount Olympus." Young editors, who "can not possibly know all that has gone before," are unable to "put up any bars against the insidious scoundrels who deal in other people's words, words, words" and "no author is secure against them," for they use a *nom de plume* as "a fortress, behind which to hide and 'snipe' better men." Mr. Robert H. Davis, the distinguished authority whose article on plagiarism in the New York *Herald* we are quoting, goes on to say, "if these gentry exercised their gifts in any legitimate calling, they would succeed beyond calculation. But they prefer to be dishonest." Indeed, there are "ruffed, velvet-collared plagiarists at large," Mr. Davis finds, and "poets, lyric writers, novelists and playwrights whose entire fame rests upon some adroit theft of another man's property." As Mr. Davis remarks,

"When Gabriel blows his final trump a million musicians will bend an ear to the blast, hoping to capture a new theme. The moment a new novel appears, an army of imitators seize upon its style, its texture and its motive. Mortal poets are helping themselves to the works of immortal poets. Short-story writers are following the O. Henry model so closely that it amounts to impudence. Jokes are deliberately stolen by the thousands, remodeled and thrown on the market in bales. Epigrams are the common property of those who see them last.

"There isn't a magazine that hasn't received dozens of manuscripts stolen bodily, with a few characters, dates, and locations mildly altered, the title changed and a paragraph here and there modified. We have all been caught repeatedly. Plagiarism is on the increase. Moreover, the average plagiarist is proud of the low estate to which he has fallen."

"ONE MAY ROB, AS THE BEES DO IT—
But robbery in the manner of the ant should never be imitated."

When caught, however, plagiarists deny their guilt, but specious enough are their claims to innocence:

"The arguments of defense put forth by these most pernicious of all thieves are characteristic of sinners. Confronted by the evidence of their guilt, they take refuge behind any one of the following excuses:

"(a) I had no idea it had ever been printed before. It was told me as an original story by a friend.

"(b) A gentleman whose whereabouts at the present moment is unknown gave me the story in the form of a manuscript and asked me to touch it up a bit.

"(c) I can't understand it at all. Probably I read it somewhere when I was a child and it clung to my memory. This *is* a surprize.

"There are a number of other equally vapid and ridiculous explanations that come glibly from the liar's lips, but the samples cited will suffice.

"They seldom make it clear how such vacillating memories and deficient intellectual mechanism as they appear to possess are able to absorb and hold details, dialog, situations, etc., ad infinitum. Of course, you can't expect a pickpocket to announce in advance that he is about to go through your clothes. And so, therefore, these belated explanations awaken irritation instead of satisfaction."

Worse yet, Mr. Davis observes,

"The plagiarist is not only a foe to the editor and the reading public, but also to the new authors. An editor whose fingers have been burned by stolen manuscripts finds himself unavoidably prejudiced against writers whom he does not know. Ten years ago contributions from strangers were accepted on their merit and printed under the assumption that the writers were honest men. It is now regarded as a necessary precaution to write to a new author, whose manuscript has attracted attention, and ask for references. Even these precautions do not always succeed. One must wait for the publication of the plagiarism before a comparison with the original can be made. In the interval the fraud is accomplished. A comparison of the two stories supplies the evidence of guilt.

"It is the opinion of the writer that unwarranted leniency has been shown these offenders. The usual penalty is a severance of connections, followed occasionally by the return of the money dishonestly collected. A period of agreeable silence follows, after which the malefactor sits down with a ream of white paper, selects another alias, and continues in the business of selling old tales for new.

"It is inconceivable that in the exalted profession of letters the occupation of plundering can be made so profitable. Is there no way to restrain by court procedure the enterprising thugs who sell others' thoughts?"

It is a pertinent question, for—

"The American copyright law is wholly inadequate in that its framers, with the best intentions, had, at the back of their minds, the word 'duration' instead of the word 'protection.' The original term of copyright runs twenty-eight years. They were thinking in terms of twenty-eight years.

"Then one year prior to the expiration of the original term, the author, if living, or the widow or the widower of the author, or the children of the author, if he is not living; or if none of these be living, then the author's executors, or in the absence of a will, the next of kin may secure a renewal for a further term of twenty-eight years, making fifty-six in all.

"Thus the United States Government in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred sets the stage for an author or his widow or his children or his heirs and assigns to be scuttled by any dexterous-minded scribbling apache who has learned the trick of alteration.

"It is not within the gift of the average layman, and this means the average juryman, to put his finger on the zone where the plagiarist applied the alchemy of trickery and merged his own base metal with the golden thoughts of his victim. The law is not clear on what constitutes plagiarism. The writer folk

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know exactly what it means, and the blush of guilt which has been brought to many a fraudulent cheek is replaced by the waxen calm which follows the guaranty that it 'can't be proven.'"

Still, not every plagiarist can escape punishment even under existing law. Says Mr. Davis:

"The legal department of all motion-picture corporations inserts in every contract a clause calculated to protect them in case of a suit for plagiarism. Tinpan Alley, where the world's best popular music is produced, has a floating population of process servers, lawyers and advisers occupied with the business of resisting the highwaymen in search of themes and ideas. The whole business of literature in all its ramifications now recognizes the importance of legal advice in order to resist the outlaws and gunmen in search of novelties that they can appropriate to their own uses."

The famous novelist Vicente Blasco Ibáñez has been discussing plagiarism in *The Literary Digest International Book Review*, where he tells us:

"After many centuries there is still no general agreement as to what can be considered plagiarism, and how far its limits extend. At any mention of literary honesty there are some who set up the strict standards of a rigid puritanism, pretending thus to make it plain that they never will indulge in the sin which they are combating—until one day they are accused of plagiarism like the rest, and then they show themselves less intolerant in their judgments. Others are, from the first moment, tolerant and liberal in everything that relates to intellectual pilfering; they reduce considerably the limits of plagiarism, and when any one accuses them of this fault they smile benevolently, not giving any enormous importance to the accusation. This was the case with Anatole France, who wrote many years ago an 'Apology for Plagiarism,' and to whom Maurevert devotes a long chapter, representing him as one of the present-day writers who have plundered more than the others.

"What is plagiarism? A writer of the seventeenth century, who was a preceptor of Louis XIV—the forgotten la Mothe le Vayer—said: 'One may rob as the bees do it, without harming anybody, merely sucking honey from the flowers; but robbery in the manner of the ant, which carries away the whole grain, should never be imitated.'

"This subtle distinction greatly pleased Anatole France, who added: 'A situation does not belong to the first who hits upon it, but to him who knows how to stamp it powerfully upon the memories of men.' And the great contemporary master also goes on to cite the opinion which Pierre Bayle expresses in his 'Historical and Critical Dictionary,' to wit: 'To plagiarize is to carry off, along with the furniture of a house, the fertilizer from the soil; to take at the same time the grain and the straw, the product and the dust.' So he who carries off from his neighbor's estate only the furniture and the grain, leaving the manure-pile and the dust-heap, is not a plagiarist in the strict sense of the word.

"Every writer, however great, began by imitating the author who was the fashion when he was a youth. Hugo copied ideas and even whole verses from Chateaubriand, who had called him a 'sublime boy.' In his first novels he imitated the fantastic and mediocre literature of the Viscount of Arlincourt."

Photograph by Keystone View Company

"A NEW MOZART?"

Is the question musicians are asking about this eleven-year-old Italian boy, whose first oratorio will be produced in France this fall.

COMPOSER AND CONDUCTOR AT ELEVEN

ELEVEN YEARS OLD and already famous, little Nino Rota Rinaldi directed an orchestra in Milan the other day during the production of an oratorio he himself had composed. As the correspondents tell us, the oratorio, called "The Childhood of St. John the Baptist," consists of "a prolog, orchestral intermezzos, and choirs of angels, men, and crowds," while "the warbling of birds and the murmur of trees were admirably reproduced." According to an article by Charles Tuohy in the New York *World*, Charles Wattine, organist of Tourcoing Cathedral in France, writes enthusiastically:

"Are we in the presence of a new Mozart? It may be exaggerating things to bracket Rinaldi and Mozart's names, but it is quite certain that a prodigy has been discovered. I have special information showing that the boy's work aroused the emotion and admiration of all real musicians."

Rinaldi's mother is "frightened lest her son's musical future should be marred by a precocious success," says a special cable to *The World*, continuing:

"Madame Rinaldi is blind and lives in the Blind Institute at Milan, where her son also lives. A remarkable fact is that the boy composed his work in conditions of great sadness, his father having died last year.

"Little Rinaldi worked day after day beside his blind and widowed mother."

In a letter to Mr. Wattine, permitting her son to come to Tourcoing, Madame Rinaldi writes:

"My boy belongs to no musical institute. He just goes to school like all other children. Last year he followed a course at the Conservatoire, being with men of twenty and over, but as he learned more and more quickly, anxious to preserve the boy's mental equilibrium, I took him away and sent him back to school.

"This interruption, however, did not prevent him from finishing his oratorio, which he had begun at the age of ten and a half, and finishing it without aid or counsel or any guide but his own inspiration.

"The Concert Association here, fascinated by his music, decided to have it played, and now the possibility of my son's work being heard in France fills me with joy.

"My boy could very well conduct himself—it gives him great pleasure to do so—but don't you think it would be wiser for him not to conduct at Tourcoing, so that the work may be judged absolutely on its merits—that is to say, the critics should not be influenced and captured by their sympathy for my son.

"It may interest you finally to know that I have been a widow since last summer, the widow of a most perfect man, and it was precisely in the midst of our great sorrow that this child found inspiration for the tenderest of his songs. I am alone but for this exceptional son."

As Mr. Tuohy reports, musical critics in Milan were charmed with Rinaldi. Says one of them:

"Several skeptics are wondering if the creation of his work was

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not aided by adult counsel, but those who know the little Nino and have heard him improvising on the piano, or who have seen him conduct his work in a masterly manner, know that in this soul there is already a musical world whence he extracts the harmony of his songs."

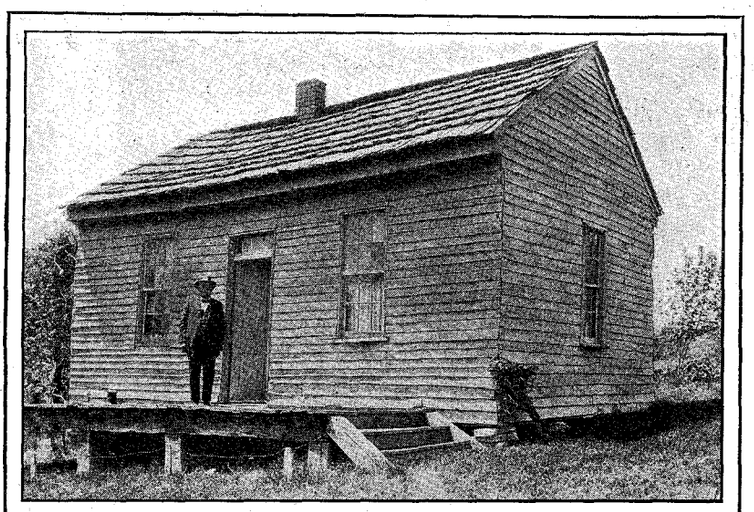
As enthusiastically, another critic declares:

"The genuine and spontaneous success which attended Nino's second appearance yesterday was all the more remarkable because the entire Milan musical world was present.

"The oratorio is a jewel of naive sincerity and spontaneity. The little Rinaldi expresses himself wonderfully, each part of his work is simply improvised, giving the real impression of what he wants to express, or what he feels.

"Where has this child learned and how can he have conceived the secret of a work which will perhaps be discust technically but which esthetically seems a prodigy. Perhaps a shy, retired, morbid child? Perhaps nervous, unsociable? No, indeed. He is happily a strong boy, healthy and gay, who after he had to bow to a third clapping of hands got weary of applause and went into the porter's lodge to play.

"It is a natural musical genius, perhaps a talent which will develop by itself, but for pity's sake don't try to cultivate it and force it."



WHERE MARK TWAIN FIRST MET HIS PARENTS

The old house still stands in "the almost invisible village" of Florida, Missouri.

"IF I WERE AN ACTOR"—"Well, I *was* one," says John Golden, and remembers that Alan Dale called him a good one. He is now a producer, proud of his "Seventh Heaven," but if he were an actor he would be a censor, or practically that, for he tells us in *The Theater Magazine*,

"I would refuse to depict rôles of human depravity. To me the shibboleth that art justifies portrayal of any phase of human strength or weakness, is nothing else than a lie invented by those who prefer the immoral and the unwholesome for their own sake but who are too cowardly to make a frank admission to that effect.

"There is, of course, one impelling motive which drives men into doing things of which they are not proud—hunger. If I were a starving actor, or even just a hungry actor, I might consent to play that sort of thing which seems to be creeping up-town from down-town like an insidious disease from a plague center. But I would have to be mighty desperate. I believe that, unless the notches in my belt had been used to the last hole, I would refuse as a decent American actor (the only kind, I take it, under consideration) to play, under the lying cloak of *movements* or *new thought* or *new theater* or *art*, things that are nothing else than disguised filth.

"I would consider the public as good friends who looked to me to express for them the things that are in their hearts. Therefore, I would avoid portrayal of indecent or futile rôles, feeling that if I played such parts I betrayed my friends."

MISSOURI HONORS THE PRINCE OF HUMORISTS

AS MARK TWAIN SAID, "the almost invisible village of Florida, Missouri" had "less than three hundred inhabitants" in Mark's day. "It had two streets, each a couple of hundred yards long; the rest of the avenues were lanes with rail fences and cornfields on either side. Both the streets were paved with the same material: tough, black mud in wet times; deep dust in dry." But the "almost invisible village" has not lacked fame, for, as Bill Nye might have said, it was there that Mark first met his parents, and there, so we are told, "the editors of Northeast Missouri plan to purchase a hundred acres of land, which will be developed as a public park and presented to the nation as a permanent memorial to the author who 'cheered and comforted a tired world.'" These words are inscribed on a monument to Mark Twain in Florida—the one object of recent origin in the village, apparently, for, according to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat:*

"It is said that the town has not changed much since 1835, when Mark Twain was born. A few years ago the Clemens homestead was saved from the hands of wreckers and moved across the street from its original location. It was furnished in the quaint style of pioneer days and the garden planted with old-fashioned flowers. There it stands to-day, a shrine for all who love and honor the man who gave 'Tom Sawyer' to the world.

"Thousands of visitors worship at the homestead shrine every year. Last year 3,000 persons signed the register; one page alone bears the names of visitors from eight States and one foreign country.

"In the little village cemetery are the graves of two of Mark Twain's sisters and of his uncle, John Quarles, with whom Samuel Clemens spent his summer vacations for many years.

"The proposed 'Mark Twain' Park will have a shore-line on both sides of the river for a distance of about a mile. The scenery is rugged and beautiful, and officers of the association declare that it can be developed into one of the finest parks of its kind. The site is adaptable for camping, boating, fishing and sight-seeing. When established it will be a free resort for all who come for recreation to the famous humorist's birthplace."

As Frank B. Lamson tells us in the Quincy *Whig Journal*, it was a local farmer named Dad Violette who "rescued Mark Twain's birthplace from the hands of the wreckers, moved it across the street from its former location, restored it to order and furnished it in the style of a century ago." Says Mr. Lamson:

"The 'Mark Twain Home' is a slab-shingled, illy constructed, two-room cottage. A hit-and-miss rag-carpet and braided rag-rugs cover the floors. The walls are whitewashed, and among the few framed pictures that decorate the walls is a colored portrait of Mark Twain and underneath it a framed photograph of Mark Twain's most admired Missouri friend, Dean Williams, of the Missouri School of Journalism. There is a wooden mantel on which rest old brass candlesticks, pewter basins and spoons, while a weight clock tells the time of day. There is an old-time bookcase, and one of the shelves is filled with a complete set of Mark Twain's works. An ancient looking-glass knobbed bureau occupies a corner by itself. In the bedroom where Mark first saw the light of day is a corded bed, hand-carved from sugar maple. The bed is covered with a blue and white hand-woven coverlet of wool and lindsey, which was made by the slaves in Grandfather Violette's family. In one corner of the room are muzzle-loading muskets, and at one side stand two spinning-wheels, a small one for flax and the larger for wool. Then there is a drop-leaf table and numerous articles in household use a century or more ago, among which the most conspicuous is a Paul Revere lantern."

Dad Violette, so the Boston *Transcript* informs us, "was born in 1849," and during the Civil War he "was a pony rider for Uncle Sam. Politically he was a rebel, but as he was only fourteen the Government didn't count that against him."

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CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

LAUREATE of Oklahoma, Miss Violet McDougal will be amused, no doubt, to see her work set side by side with that of England's poet laureate, Robert Bridges; and yet the temptation is strong, for Miss McDougal's poem in the Oklahoma City *Oklahoman* and the British laureate's poem in *The Nineteenth Century* reach us at the same time.

PHANTOM WATCHERS

By Violet McDougal

We who have never been,
We who will never be,
Gather to mock at men
Here by the twilight sea,
Gather to jeer at men
Down by the phantom sea.

We who were never born,
Here by the chanting sea
Gather with ghostly scorn,
Mocking the things that be,
Jeering with elfin scorn
Men, and the things that be.

They carefully fashion fetters
And fetter their own strong hands,
Then they cry aloud for their freedom
And never one understands

That they welded their own strong shackles,
That they but build to destroy,
They weave gray webs of sorrow
And grief where there should be joy.

They set up above them tyrants,
And fashion unequal laws,
Then whine at their own oppression—
That effect should follow cause.

They carefully build for ages
Great cities, and rear strong sons;
Then they shatter the work of a lifetime
In a flash of great-mouthed guns.

They incite each other to riot,
Revolt and ruin, because
They must throw off the law's oppression—
They who have made the laws.

We gather to watch and mock them
With laughter and phantom jeers;
The sound of our eerie laughter
Goes echoing down the years.

Poor little struggling, blind things,
Aimless and lost, forlorn,
Let us not mock them, Brothers,—
We who were never born—

Let us but watch in silence,—
They are more real than we,
We who are only phantoms,
Here by a phantom sea.

Let us not mock them, Brothers,
Pitiful, struggling men,
Tragic and blind and futile,
Such as we might have been—

We who have never been,
We who will never be,
Gather to pity men
Here by the twilight sea,
Gather to sigh for men
Here by the sighing sea.

HEINE

By Robert Bridges

Be these the selfsame verses
That once when I was young
Charm'd me with dancing magic
To love their foreign tongue,

Delicate buds of passion,
Gems of a master's art,
That broke forth rivalling Nature
In love-songs of the heart;

Like fresh leaves of the woodland
Whose trembling screens would house
The wanton birdies courting
Upon the springing boughs?

Alas, how now they are wither'd!
And fallen from the skies
In yellowy tawny crumple
Their tender wreckage lies,

And all their ravisht beauty
Strewn 'neath my feet to-day
Rustles as I go striding
Upon my wintry way.

A SINGLE month brings us three poems by the same hand—"Morning Exercise" in *Pearson's*, "A Queen's Lament" in *Voices* (Boston), and "Hound of Song" in *The Outlook*. So read all three:

POEMS

By Isabel Fiske Conant

MORNING EXERCISE

When I go a-walking
On the city street
It's not only people,
It's poems that I meet.

Some stride, iambic;
Some trip along
Wearing a dactyl,
Humming a song.

Some rhyme together,
Some go free, apart,
But all my street of poems
I love with all my heart.

A QUEEN'S LAMENT

What shall I do with my Elaine, Edith, Alys,
Each of them a harp-string of my three-stringed heart?
The three-branched lily, growing in my palace—
My own daughters, princesses that choose a strange part?

Elaine can weave embroideries, she can write ballads,
There is only one thing in her that I would there were not,
For she could do whate'er she would, and she is beautiful—
Why need she waste her days in love of Lancelot?

Edith rides the wold to hunt, this early April morning,
Hooded falcon on her wrist and a pledged knight beside,
But not a smile on her lips; she decrees the world grown old,
She asks to what end do we hunt and ride?

Alys of the high-born look; many a lord has wooed her,
But her long golden braids she has severed with a sword,
She vows to wed no man unless he be base-born,
She looks not maidenly and she speaks any word.

What shall I do with my three young daughters,
'Send their wild hearts break not in three strange ways!
That my three harp-strings snap not . . . what can a Queen do,
A mother whose own daughters heed not what she says?

The world has grown old, there is strange wine in its chalice,
Youth is an ancient thing, as headstrong as the May,
What shall I do with my Elaine, Edith, Alys? . . .
I who dare not tell them how I walked the same way!

HOUND OF SONG

Many a day my master
And I hunt alone,
And I run faster
Than his flung stone.

Like the wind upon it
I can race his heath
And bring back a sonnet
For him in my teeth.

Pointing, believing
In his swift, sure word,
I run, retrieving
His fallen wood bird.

When from the rushes
I bring it back, dead,
His cheek flushes
And he shakes his head;

His strange eyes soften
As he strokes it, still warm,
With "Beauty, how often
Have I done you harm!"

I am a god's shadow,
Swift hound of song,
I run a morning meadow
Where a wind blows strong.

From his new volume of poems we select:

PALACE OF ART

By F. M. Hallward

Still for his soul's delight, each one
May rear a loftier pleasure-house
Than that wherein King Solomon
Feasted and held carouse;

And though he tread where commerce lowers,
And though its smoke his vision mars,
May set his bird-bedizened towers
To twirl among the stars;

See, lit by far, celestial beams,
Without the aid of any spell,
The shining palace of his dreams,
Gold-domed and wonderful.

Already the tourists are returning with pictures from abroad, but what photograph could surpass in vividness this snap-shot in *The Country Bard* (Madison, N. J.)?

DELFT

By John Howard Corwin

Green with scum the old canal,
Odorous, malarial.
Orange-colored cheeses piled
On the quay. The roofs red-tiled.
Quaintest houses, full of flowers.
Chiming bells in lofty towers.
Steeples, pointing Heaven less true
Than the preachers ought to do.
Box-like inn, where one is fed
Seven kinds of breakfast bread.
Stolid men, in Holland caps,
Smoke all day and drink their schnapps.
Women tanned a rosy brown,
All with blue eyes looking down.
Maids in caps of curious rigs.
Babies peddling guinea-pigs.
Dogs, for horses, drawing carts
Full of candy, milk or tarts.
There's a Kirmess in the square,
Like a Coney Island fair.
At each corner organs play
Half the night and all the day.
If a town were made of toys
Such as come for girls and boys,
It would look like Delft so much,
It would almost beat the Dutch.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

THE "BEAUTIFUL, FRUITFUL WILDERNESS" OF ALASKA

"WHAT FORM OF TEMPORARY INSANITY could have induced me to spend my last vacation in Switzerland," a newspaper correspondent is said to have asked "in a voice of wonderment," as the ship bearing

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TWO ALASKA-INDIAN FLAPPERS

They are the Misses Marleita and Violet Davis, and they have American ideas as well as American clothes. They were among those present to greet the President and his party.

a recent quota of summer visitors followed the trail through Alaskan waters lately taken by President Harding, "when I might so much easier have come out here?" The name, Alaska, signifies "Great Country," and so great is it that, even tho there is a vast amount of civilization scattered over its huge expanse, the general effect upon the visitor is said to resemble that of the Swiss Mountains and wildernesses—with a bit of romantic Norwegian coast thrown in, for Alaska has not only mountains, but the sea also. "My beautiful, fruitful wilderness," John Muir, who has already taken his place as one of the two or three greatest American naturalists and nature lovers, used to call the land. The astonishing country has produced novels by Jack London and Rex Beach, poems by Robert Service, in addition to huge quantities of gold, copper and fish. Its history is romance. Along with the testimonials of a hundred adventurers who have written eulogies may be mentioned the brief, much quoted commentary of a voyager who left this penciled note on a piece of birch bark pinned to a tree, where it was found after he had put a bullet through his brain:

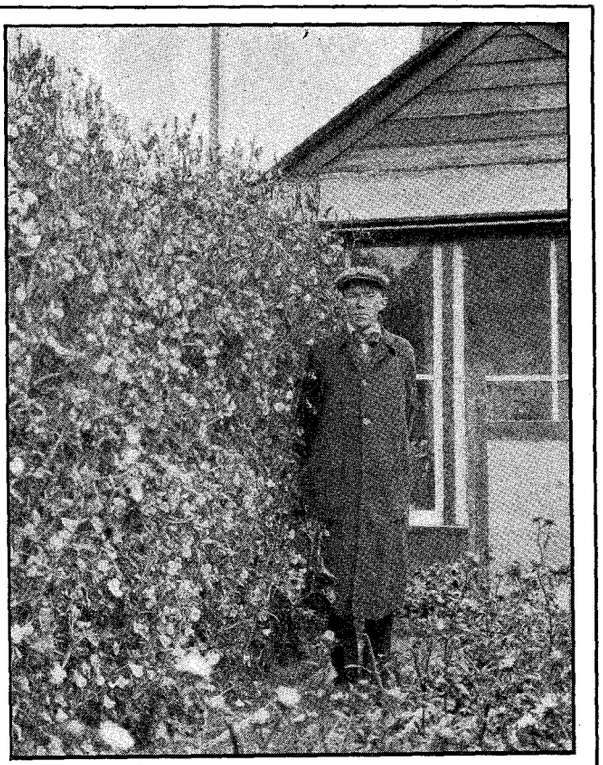
"Hell can't be any worse than this trail. I'll chance it."

The Alaska of to-day, however, is putting more emphasis on thriving cities, new railroads, and great industries, than on the romantic wilderness that was. The modern Alaskan, says a recent visitor, may devote five minutes to bringing up some incident of the great territory's vivid past, but he will follow it with two hours of pointing out the present development of the land, and a quite indefinite time devoted to the marvelous development that must come in the future. It is recorded that Jack London once gave up a mining claim which later produced more than $1,000,000 in gold, because his tools froze fast in the mud. The modern Alaskan, we are assured, is not missing any chances like that. He is putting the emphasis on the "fruitful" and "beautiful" of John Muir's "beautiful, fruitful wilderness." Juneau, the capital, may have only about 3,000 inhabitants, reports Frank B. Carpenter, in his large new volume, "Alaska, Our Northern Wonderland" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), but—

Every man in the town is a hustler, and the place hums with politicians, lawyers, tourists and miners. The crowd is of all classes and costumes. Some of the men wear clothes of the latest cut of Broadway or Fifth Avenue, while others wear slouch hats, mackinaws, and khaki trousers. Some have on boots that reach to the knees, and now and then you meet one in white rubber pantaloons.

Drays, automobiles and carriages move about through the city, and a motor stage runs to the mining town of Thane, three miles down the channel. At that place are the mills and reduction plant of the Alaska Gastineau gold properties. Near by are the Juneau gold mills, and on the other side of the channel, in plain view, are the Treadwell mines.

Juneau is beautifully situated on the mainland, at the head of the Gastineau Channel, a narrow strait which separates it from Douglas Island. The Channel connects Stephens Passage with the Lynn Canal, at the northern end of which is Skagway. The



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SWEET PEAS IN SKAGWAY

This Alaska city, not as far north as Christiania, is famous for its flowers, fruits and vegetables. The thermometer is said never to have gone below ten degrees below zero.

harbor is so good that all of the ships that pass through Alaskan waters, excepting those plying between Seattle and Nome, call here. During the summer there are boats north or south every day, and tens of thousands pass through.

The town is right on the water, with wooded mountains rising

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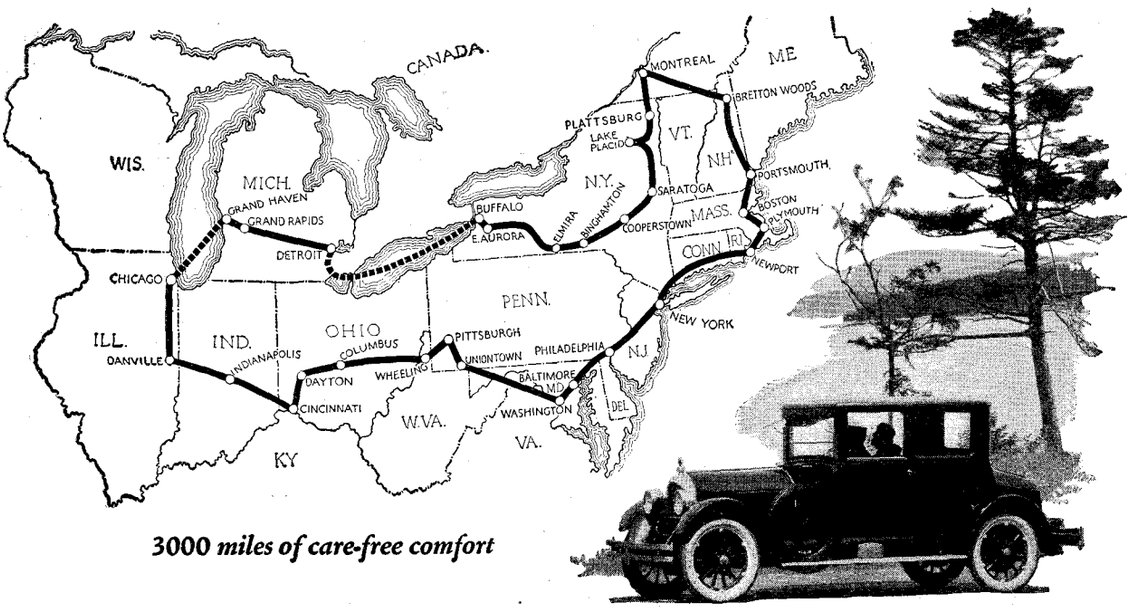

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MR. H. M. JEWETT, *President,*
Paige-Detroit Motor Car Co.,
Detroit, Michigan.

Dear Mr. Jewett:

As requested in your letter of June 4, I am glad to write you more about my trip which you are at liberty to use for advertising. Not seeking any personal publicity, I would prefer that it be published without my name.

I have always driven cars costing considerably more than the Paige, feeling that the best was none too good for the kind of touring I like to do. Naturally, it was with some misgivings that I undertook my eastern trip in your car, with which I felt unfamiliar. Also, I have never used an enclosed car for touring before, and I expected it to be a little weak on hill climbing, as well as a little top-heavy on the road.

Starting without great confidence in the car because of its moderate price and because of my unfamiliarity with it, I was of course always looking for some kind of trouble to develop. From that point of view, my trip was a continual series of disappointments. I have had no trouble except what was due to my own carelessness, and might have occurred to the costliest car I could buy.

This seems a good place to say that one of the things I very much appreciate about the Paige, is the high character of its representatives and their eagerness to see that all Paige cars satisfy their owners, regardless of whether they sold them. I was also surprised at their moderate charges for various odd jobs, for which I have been accustomed to paying more.

But to tell you more about my trip, I am enclosing a map on which I have marked it. The roads are boulevards practically everywhere, except where I found repair wagons had not reached holes made by the severe winter weather, and some places where construction was under way. But it is in just such unfavorable road conditions that my Paige showed one of its fine advantages. It means something to me now, that the Paige rear springs are more than five feet long, and that it has 131 inches of wheelbase. I can truthfully say I have never driven or ridden in any car which rode more comfortably and handled more easily on difficult roads.

There are long and fairly steep grades in the Cumberland Mountains, White Mountains, and the Adirondacks, all of which I went through. I am pleased to tell you that your claims about Paige hill climbing in high gear are true. Except when some sharp turn or cars ahead in the road made slowing down necessary, I practically never dropped into second speed. And on the down grades, where one frequently gets going a little too fast, I can truly say the car amazed me on the score of ease in changing into second, when going 25 or 30 miles an hour. I have been accustomed to using the scheme of spinning up the gears by letting in the clutch momentarily, but I found this not at all necessary with the Paige. My wife drove a large part of the trip with great enjoyment and without noticeable tiring. She joins me in my praise of Paige handling ease.

I don't know whether you will be interested in hearing my point of view on enclosed bodies, but I can tell you I am sold on them for touring, as well as for city work, after my experience. We drove two whole days with the automatic windshield wiper going all the time—on other days into dust clouds, or cold winds in the mountains. And the pleasure of being able to regulate one's own comfort by merely turning a window-handle, is one that I never appreciated before as I did in your Paige Brougham. Contrary to my expectations, the car is not hot in warm weather.

Perhaps I should close my letter by saying that the Paige is a far finer car than I ever imagined it to be. In fact, it is more comfortable to ride in, and easier to handle than any higher priced car I know of. If your car were better known for what it actually is, I am sure far more of them would be sold to people who have been accustomed to paying $3000 to $4000 for a touring car.

Very truly yours,

**Name on request.* *_____ – _____

7-passenger Phaeton $2450
4-passenger Phaeton $2450
5-passenger Brougham $2850

PAIGE

5 or 7-passenger Touring Sedan $3235
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THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

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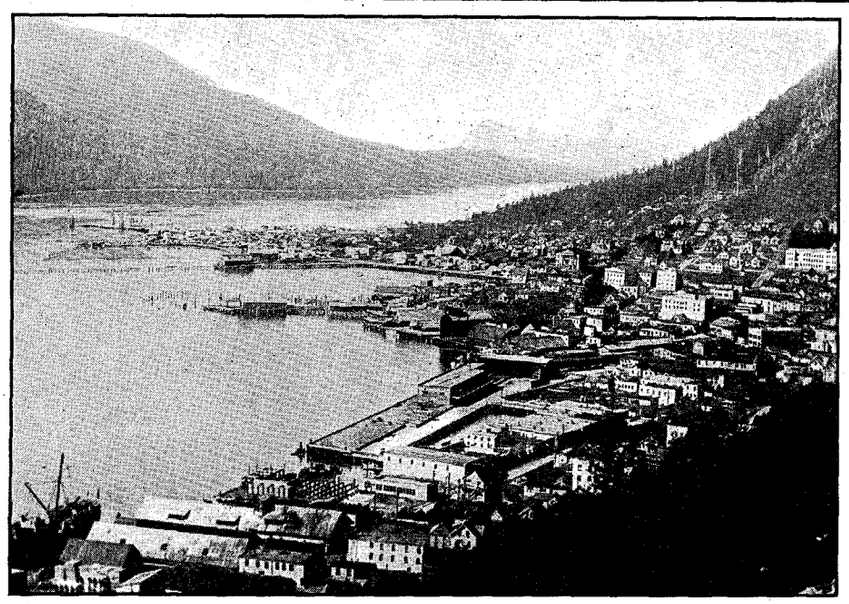
almost perpendicularly behind it to a height of perhaps two thousand feet. I have seen cliffs of this height in other parts of the world, but they were mostly straight walls of gray, red, and black rock, as bleak and bare as the Desert of Sahara. The walls behind Juneau are covered with a vegetation as green as that of the Valley of the Nile.

The city is cut out of the rocks or, rather, it is propt up by them. Most of the houses and streets stand upon stilts. The irregularities of the rocky foundation have been overcome by a trestlework of piles. The wharfs are on piles, and from the channel as the tide falls they look like an army of centipedes tramping out to the ocean.



Photograph by Ewing Galloway

ALASKA'S UP-TO-DATE LITTLE CAPITAL

Juneau, one of the principal seaports, has good churches, public schools, paved streets, and practically all the other conveniences of a modern city.

It is now planned to fill in the space between the piles with the waste rock dust from the gold mills, thus giving Juneau a substantial foundation. In the town of Douglas, over the way, a beach of such tailings was made along the edge of the channel and the baseball grounds are laid out upon them. Millions of dollars have come from the sand lying inside that diamond.

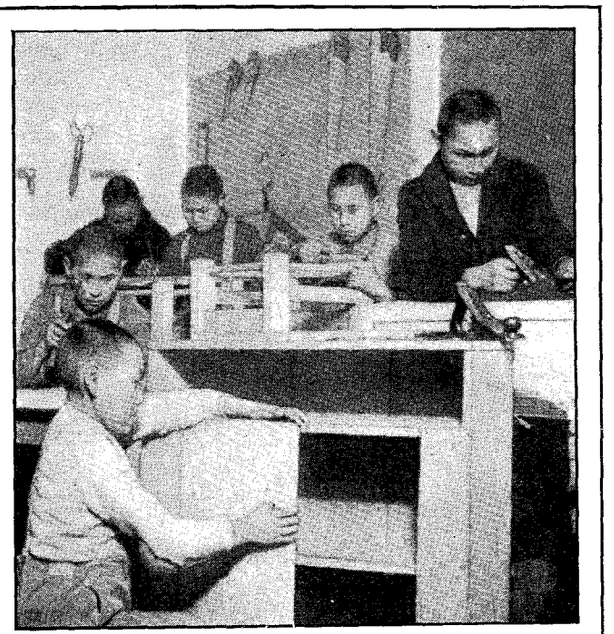
The gold, the romance of gold, the history of the three gold rushes that opened up the Territory, and now the gold itself, in various forms from yellow sand to huge cakes that are all a man would care to handle, is a very present part of the life of the country. Even in the washed-over sands of many districts a man may stick in a shovel and wash out twenty-five cents' worth of the yellow metal in a few moments. "Traveling through a gold country like this makes one covetous," reports Mr. Carpenter:

Every one thinks gold, talks gold, and, considering the prices at the restaurants, I might say eats and drinks gold. One sees so much gold in the mines and the banks that he feels like the beggar boy with his nose flattened against the glass window of the candy store. There is plenty to be had were it not for the barrier between him and the taking. At the clean-ups of the camps, I have handled gold nuggets as one handles shelled corn, and at the assay offices I have held up ten thousand dollars' worth of bricks wheeled about on a truck, such as you find at a country railroad station. The gold bricks were heavy and worth from fifteen thousand dollars to thirty thousand dollars apiece. At the same place I saw a ton of amalgam, consisting of quicksilver mixed with gold, ready to be shipped out to be reduced to gold bullion.

I have met at Fairbanks a man who has melted more than fifty million dollars' worth of gold dust and nuggets. This is Mr. G. E. Beraud, the assayer of the First National Bank. He is a chemist and a metallurgist of note, and was the government assayer at Dawson when the Klondike rush was on.

All the banks at Fairbanks have melting-pots where the dust and nuggets are turned into bricks for shipment outside. You see these gold bricks on the bank counters. Some are as small as a cake of sweet chocolate, and others are so large that if one fell on your toes it would crush them.

Closely allied with the gold in bringing fame to the country, altho not in quite so complimentary a way, is the cold of this northern land. The world may think of Alaska chiefly in terms of "cold and gold," remarks another visitor, Charlotte Cameron, an English woman who records her impressions in a recent volume called, "A Cheechako in Alaska and Yukon" (Frederick A. Stokes and Company). One of the chief reasons for this may be that the great Yukon gold rush, perhaps the most thoroughly written up adventure of all times, took place over high mountains in the winter months. It can be superlatively cold in Alaska: it is a land of superlatives. It also, even in the northern part, may be hot. Through a great part of the inland country, where good crops are raised, Alaska, it appears, somewhat resembles the famous dessert named after it, the "baked Alaska" which concludes many of the menus in our best hotels, and has even penetrated to London and Paris. This concoction consists of a baked meringue over a center of ice-cream. In much of the inland country, where the heat is sufficient to raise good crops in the summer, the glacial ice begins a few feet below the surface of the sun-heated ground. Flowering plants, vegetables and fruits that rival those of California, flourish a few feet above the everlasting ice. In the far northern city of Tanana, which is not as far north as some of the Scandinavian cities that are doing pretty well in a more severe climate, Mr. Carpenter consulted Judge Dehn, the United States Commissioner, who had been there a number of years, upon the climate. Mr. Carpenter reports, incidentally, that Tanana has "a live Chamber of Commerce, a camp of the Arctic Brotherhood, and a lodge of the Loyal Order of Moose." Judge Dehn's remarks on the temperature are quoted as follows:



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TURNING ALASKANS INTO AMERICANS

This is a carpentry class at the Point Barrow school. The Indian boys are developed into "not rapid, but very accurate," workers.

"I like it and I keep healthy and happy summer and winter. Our summers, which last from May until the middle of September, are more delightful than those anywhere in the States. The

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THE BUSINESS OF LIVING

YOU who have read his "Autobiography" will recall Benjamin Franklin's ingenuous plan of conduct by which he regulated all his affairs, financial as well as moral. The idea was not new in Poor Richard's day; a great emperor and a great freedman had written more profoundly on the subject more than sixteen hundred years before. But the nub of the matter is that Franklin was a doer as well as a thinker; he recognized living as a business and made a plan for its carrying-on.

All men who have courage to examine into the state of their own affairs will admit the need of wiser planning, particularly in money matters and life insurance. Life may be made happier, freer and more useful by business-like planning of its details.

When life insurance is considered in its true place as part of the business of living, having to do, strictly, with life and its contingencies, then it assumes an importance you have perhaps not accorded it. Then you must study it as a business matter, weigh its needs and seek expert counsel.

This is the attitude toward life insurance which the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company seeks to advance. On its part, the Company has recognized the need for intelligent co-operation, by training its limited force of representatives in the principles of life insurance service. The true function of a life insurance representative is not that of a salesman, but of a trusted counsellor. Specialized knowledge of insurance is required and the ability to study problems from the view-point of the insured.

The responsibility is the greater because the business of living is never wholly an individual matter. On each life some other lives must lean; and the assurance of their continued welfare is charged as a duty not only to the one they trust, but to the life insurance representative who advises him, and the company in which he places his confidence.

PHOENIX MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

HOME OFFICE HARTFORD CONN.

First Policy Issued 1851

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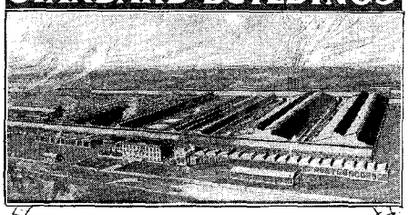

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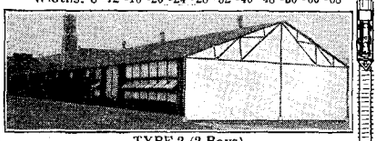
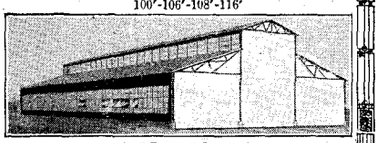
Lengths: Multiples of 2'. Heights 8'-1" to 21'-5".
Any arrangement of doors and windows.
Lanterns, canopies, and lean-tos as desired.

TYPE 1 (Clear Span) with Lantern
Widths: 8'-12'-16'-20'-24'-28'-32'-40'-48'-50'-60'-68'

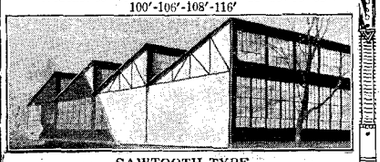


TYPE 2 (2 Bays)
Widths: 40'-48'-50'-56'-60'

TYPE 3 (3 Bays) with Lantern
Widths: 56'-60'-64'-68'-72'-76'-80'-84'-88'-90'-96'-98'-100'-106'-108'-116'



TYPE 3M (Monitor)
Widths: 60'-64'-68'-72'-76'-80'-84'-88'-90'-96'-98'-100'-106'-108'-116'



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Widths: Any multiple of 28'

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

thermometer ranges from forty-five to ninety degrees above zero, and for most of the time there is scarcely an hour that you can not read within doors without artificial light. From June 15th to the 10th of July there is no real darkness, even at midnight."

"How about your winters?" I asked.

"The man who went away from here and said we have nine months of hard winter and after that three months of bad sleighing is a liar. Our winter starts in about October 1st, when the thermometer drops to fifteen degrees above zero. At that time the ground freezes and remains solid all winter. The frost goes down to the bed of glacial ice that lies under a great part of Alaska, and, as far as we know, we live on a solid ice block for seven months of the year. The glacial ice does not melt in summer. The frost gets only through the moss and muck which is ten inches or more deep, and where you pull up the muck you find the ground below frozen solid. If you clear off the moss and the muck it will thaw down to eight or ten feet, but in winter such ground seems to freeze from the top and the bottom both until it is all hard as a rock. The frost begins to go out of the ground about May 1st when the hot sun thaws the ice. It is then that summer begins."

"But your winter weather must be terribly cold."

"Not so bad. Not so bad," said Judge Dehn. "The weather keeps growing colder and colder from October or until it gets down to fifteen degrees below zero. It holds that average throughout the winter, altho it now and then falls to forty and even sixty degrees below. I have seen it down to seventy-three below. Zero is warm winter weather, and we do not consider fifteen degrees below that point uncomfortable. At such times we wear our ordinary winter clothing and take off our top coats if we are at hard manual labor. I came here from Canton, Ohio. Fifteen degrees below zero on the Yukon does not seem as cold as fifteen above in Ohio. Our air is dry and we do not feel the cold.

"Besides," continued the judge, "our houses keep out the cold. They are made of logs, chinked with Arctic moss. The warmest building I have is my log chicken-house, which is lined and ceiled with a framework, the space between being filled with shavings. I keep an air-tight stove going in it, and my hens lay all winter."

I went out with the judge to see his chickens. He has one hundred and fifty, mostly Rhode Island Reds and Plymouth Rocks. He sells his pure-bred fowls at five dollars apiece, and he gets a dollar and a half a dozen for eggs in summer and two dollars and a half in winter.

This journalistic traveler found, however, that there was a difference of opinion as to Alaska winters. He goes on to present another point of view:

Photograph from "A Cheechako in Alaska and the Yukon" (Stokes)

THE USUAL HOMESTEAD OF THE NORTHLAND MINER

The outside of the cabin is rough, but it is made to withstand the winter cold, and the inside is fitted up with many comforts which modern transportation methods are bringing, in constantly increasing quantity, from "The States."

"I tell you the winters are awful," said one of the women I met here. "These people say they enjoy life when the thermometer is twenty or thirty degrees below zero, and that it is not cold. I tell you it *is* cold, altho the still air does not make it so bitter.

"When it is more than twenty below, we women stay in the house, and so do the men as much as they can. We work by artificial light for most of the day, and when spring comes every one is peaked and deathlike. With the coming of the long days our color returns, and in summer we are as healthy and rosy as can be.

"But the long, dark days rack your nerves almost to breaking! You get tired of yourself and your friends and want something new in the way of amusement. You sleep as long as you can and pay but little attention to hours. All parties are held late and they often last far into the night. And then the trouble of entertaining! Every one has the same supplies, and the same canned stuffs to select from. You go to your pantry and look at the shelves in despair. It is hard to know what to serve."

When people go out into temperatures of sixty or seventy below they avoid violent exercise. I am told that a quick, deep

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Everywhere you go, you see multiplying evidence of public confidence in the good Maxwell.

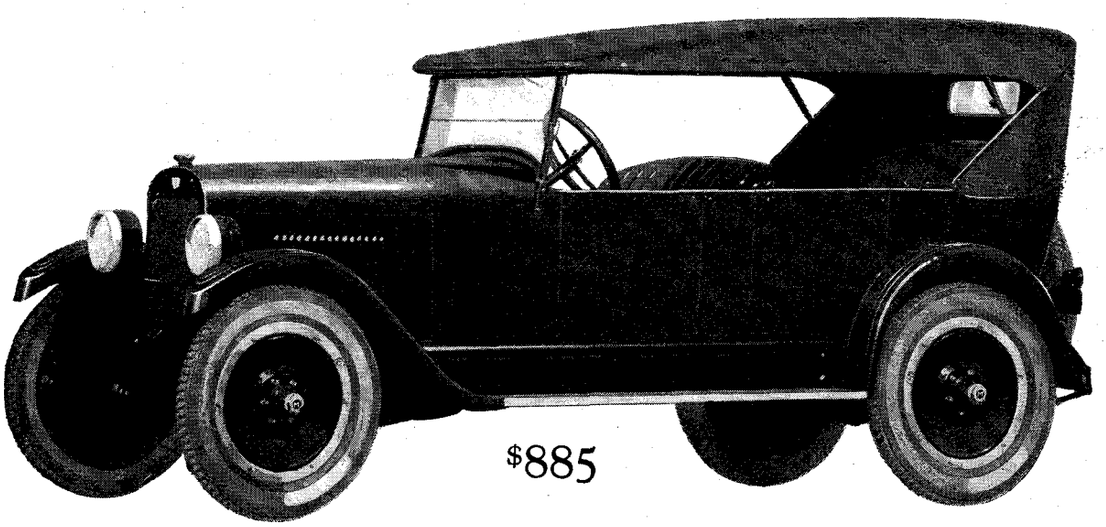
Both within and without its rapidly-widening circle of owners, nothing but good is being said of the car and the Maxwell organization.

The records of the industry probably show no parallel for the remarkable success of the good Maxwell—none so swift, so sweeping and so sound.

The buying public itself awards the good Maxwell the leadership in its class, because the public finds in it far more than it has been accustomed to getting for its money.

Cord tires, non-skid front and rear; disc steel wheels, demountable at rim and at hub; drum type lamps; pressure chassis lubrication; motor driven electric horn; unusually long springs; new type water-tight windshield. Prices F. O. B. Detroit, revenue tax to be added: Touring Car, $885; Roadster, $885; Sport Touring, $1025; Sport Roadster, $975; Club Coupe, $985; Four-Passenger Coupe, $1235; Sedan, $1335

MAXWELL MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
MAXWELL-CHALMERS MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO



The Good

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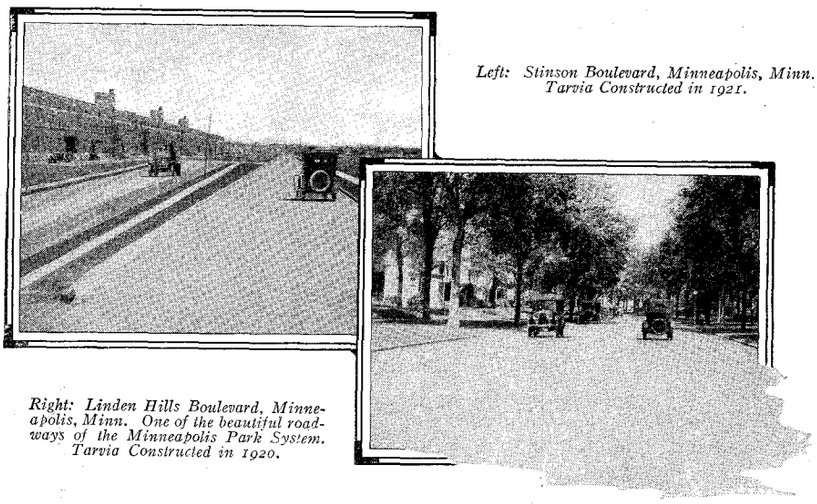


Left: Stinson Boulevard, Minneapolis, Minn. Tarvia Constructed in 1921.

Right: Linden Hills Boulevard, Minneapolis, Minn. One of the beautiful roadways of the Minneapolis Park System. Tarvia Constructed in 1920.

Do You Know Minneapolis?

If you have ever visited Minneapolis, then you remember her beautiful parks. There are fifty of these garden spots—an area of almost 4,000 acres. Five years ago The Board of Park Commissioners decided to modernize the boulevards which link up this great park system. Many different types of road construction—different kinds of road materials were investigated and tested. When it came time for a decision Tarvia was selected for the work.

Of the fifty-six miles of roadway in the system, ten miles of Tarvia Roads—smooth, dustless and mudless—have been completed. Another twenty miles are in process of construction. In their letter of June 29th last, The Board writes: "We expect to continue the construction of these boulevards with the same type of pavement until the entire system has been completed. The cost of construction and maintenance has, in all cases, been less than our estimates."

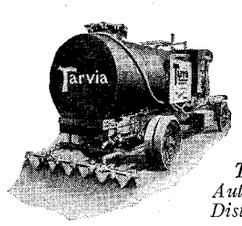
In brief, The Park Board of Minneapolis has found—as road authorities all over the country have found—that Tarvia Roads are the economical solution of the good roads problem.

For Tarvia Roads are not only firm, smooth, dustless and mudless all the year round—they are far less costly to build and maintain than any other type of modern highway. Because of these economies, the use of Tarvia insures the most miles of good roads that can possibly be built and maintained with the road funds available. There is a grade of Tarvia for every road purpose—new construction, repairs or maintenance.

If you will write to our nearest office we will promptly and gladly give you practical information regarding your road problem.

Illustrated booklets describing the various grades and uses of Tarvia will be sent free on request.

Tarvia
For Road Construction
Repair and Maintenance



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

breath of the freezing air makes the lungs feel as if they had taken in burning steel. Horses are seldom allowed to go out of their warmed stables when the thermometer is around fifty below, as the icy air kills them by "burning out" their lungs, as they say up here.

Another Alaskan, talking to me about funerals, said:

"It is difficult to bury your dead in a land where the prehistoric ice lies only two feet under the moss, and where you have to build fires to thaw the ice-frozen gravel beneath. In winter you sometimes have to chop the graves out of the ice. There is no need of brick walls or cement. The coffin is laid in its ice tomb, the earth shoveled back, and soon all is frozen solid again. The dead buried in the winter remain frozen for an indefinite period, and when taken up years later look just as in life. The ice has turned them, as it were, to statues of marble."

Mrs. Cameron comments on a condition that must come as a great shock to many brave men and true who knew Alaska in the old days, as well as to practically all of the millions of readers of Alaskan literature. Prohibition has come to Alaska, and it is doing very well there. If Mrs. Cameron is to be believed, Alaska is drier than New York. She went through the country from end to end, living in little hotels, in settlements where a United States Government school and a few Eskimos were about the only signs of civilization, and she reports:

Men who in the old days poured the whisky and brandy down their throats order now soft drinks and ice-cream sodas as they narrate their experiences. Yet it was those hardened drinkers, men who had been drunk for weeks together, who had made the fiery liquor disappear in bucketfuls as long as there remained gold in the poke, who had the courage and self-sacrifice to vote Prohibition for Alaska. They knew the harm, the evil, that came from excessive drinking; they remembered the good pals they had lost through John Barleycorn, and for the benefit of the coming generation had the fortitude to put away the drink. They were fully aware of the deprivation it meant for them, the putting aside of a lifelong habit. In this cold country, moreover, one needs stimulants, but manfully and unselfishly they trod upon the serpent of drink and crusht the fanged one out of existence, for the deliverance and betterment of their sons. And now the sourdoughs tell their stories of the great stampedes, their arduous search for gold, over fizzling soda and ginger-pop. Bacchus must assuredly roar with laughter could his spirit reappear and note the change. As Lady Astor so concisely puts it: "Drink promises heaven, but gives hell." In going on the trail in the cold weather, not one of the old-timers would ever take alcohol, or allow a tenderfoot to do so. It meant death with the weather below zero. Had whisky been taken, imparting a false warmth, the cold would later on assert itself on the system, for, the liquor having evaporated, the constitution would be powerless to resist. The sourdough would always have his bottle of spirit, but

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it was not used, except in a case of emergency, until the end of the trail. Scotty Kay, who had sold liquor all his life, and who had been a hard drinker, told me he would never sell another glass. He had boys growing up, and he hoped they would not be handicapped by the curse of drink.

But if "hootch," a popular name, by the way, which came originally from Alaska where it was applied to a particularly terrible concoction made of brown sugar and hops, is losing its hold in our "Northwestern Empire," a certain form of gambling arouses wide interest. The betting is based on the exact minute when the ice will break up in the great northern rivers. The captain of a Yukon steamboat reports, as quoted by Mr. Carpenter:

"All along the Yukon the people bet when the great ice-break will occur. They organize pools at Dawson and Fairbanks, where large sums are lost and won at the whim of Jack Frost. At Dawson they cut a hole in the ice in the middle of the Yukon and erect a pole about four inches thick and twenty feet high. This freezes solid. They then fasten one end of a wire cable to the top and the other end to an electric stop-clock on the shore set to standard time. The moment the ice moves the pole the clock stops, and that moment marks the record of the beginning of the ice-break and decides all bets. As soon as the clock stops a steam-whistle is blown, and every one knows the hour and the minute of the running. The usual date is about May 10th, the time when corn is planted in the Middle States.

"Generally, the betting pool at Dawson has about sixty subscribers," the captain went on, "and the total amount may be as much as six thousand dollars. After a pool has been formed, sixty slips of paper, bearing the numbers from one to sixty, are put in a hat. Each number represents a minute of the hour, and the man who gets the minute shown by the stop-clock as the flood reaches Dawson is given the purse. Bets are also made on the day of the month and week and upon the hour of the day at which the whistle will blow. One year the engineer on the steamship *Sarah* invested one dollar in a five-hundred-dollar pool, and won it all. That was a day, hour and minute pool. He guessed the right time to a minute. There are also many individual bets. The crowds gather on the banks of the river as the ice shows signs of breaking and watch the pole. When the whistle blows, the city goes mad.

"The same betting goes on at Fairbanks. The time there is the exact minute the ice tears away the bridge across the Chena River, in the heart of the town. It does that every spring, breaking the posts as tho they were matches."

Getting at crime in Alaska is difficult, in the present state of the relations between Alaska officials and the home government in Washington. Throughout the territory, reports the writer:

Marshals and their deputies have to refer almost everything to Washington before they can act. When a crime is committed, not a cent can be spent to detect the criminal without authority from the Attorney-General, five or six thousand miles away. Not long ago a terrible murder was committed just outside the city. No one knew who was the murderer, and it was important to scour the neighborhood and begin the work of investigation at once. Before he

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Millions of American women voted for President in 1920 and are finding time to take active interest in civic affairs

The Suffrage and the switch

Woman suffrage made the American woman the political equal of her man. The little switch which commands the great servant Electricity is making her workshop the equal of her man's.

No woman should be required to perform by hand domestic tasks which can be done by small electric motors which operate household devices.

The General Electric Company is working side by side with your local electric light and power company to help lift drudgery from the shoulders of women as well as of men.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

could proceed the marshal had to send this cable to Washington:

ATTORNEY-GENERAL,
Washington, D. C.
Woman foully murdered last night along the railroad track, within five miles of Fairbanks. Authority requested to pay expense of office deputies and make investigations in the surrounding country.
(Signed) UNITED STATES MARSHAL.

It was days before authority was granted. In the Yukon Territory the Canadian mounted police would have been on the job before the murdered woman grew cold, and the arrest would have been made almost immediately.

But crime has fallen off greatly in the past few years, we are told, and there is a tendency to arrange matters more comfortably between Washington and the Territory, as witnessed by President Harding's recent visit. The scenic beauty of the place, the surpassing magnificence and grandeur of the "Great Country," is attracting more attention than the violence and romantic excitement for which it has been noted in the past. A particular glory of this northern land is presented in Edwin Marshall's just-published romantic novel, "The Isle of Retribution" (Little, Brown). The hero is northward bound, by steamer, when:

Facing over the bow he suddenly perceived a faint silver radiance close to the horizon. His first impression was that the boat had taken a southeasterly course, and this argent gleam was merely the banner of the rising moon. Immediately he knew better: except by the absolute disruption of cosmic law, the moon could not rise for at least four hours. He knew of no coast light anywhere in the region, and it was hard to believe that he had caught the far-off glimmer of a ship's light. Seemingly such followers of the sea had been left far behind them.

But as he watched, the light grew. His own pulse quickened. And presently a radiant streamer burst straight upward like a rocket, fluttered a moment, and died away.

A strange thrill and stir moved through the intricacy of his nerves. He knew now what this light portended; it was known to every wayfarer in the North, yet the keenest excitement took hold of him. It moved him more than any painted art had ever done, more than any wonderful maze of color and light that a master stage-director could effect. The streamer shot up again, more brightly colored now, and then a great ball of fire rolled into the sky, exploded into a thousand flying fragments, and left a sea of every hue in the spectrum in its wake.

"The Northern Lights!" he told himself. A quiver of exultation passed over him.

There could be no mistake. This was the radiance, the glory that the Red Gods reserve for those who seek the far northern trails. Ever the display increased in wonder and beauty. The streamers were whisking in all directions now, meeting with the effect of collision in the dome of the sky, remaining there to shiver and

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gleam with incredible beauty; the surging waves of light spread ever farther until at times the sky was a fluttering canopy of radiance.

This was the Aurora Borealis, never to be known, in its full glory, to those that shun the silent spaces of the North.

S. Hall Young, a missionary, author of a number of volumes dealing with life in the Territory, takes up another aspect of the land's natural beauty in a recent volume on "Alaska Days with John Muir" (Revell). He tells of threading the northern waterways, up to the foot of the glacier that now bears John Muir's name. The coasts thereabouts are even more terrific than the famed fjord-cut coasts of Norway. Mr. Hall's descriptive narrative runs:

The air was damp and raw, chilling us to the marrow. The forbidding granite mountains, showing here and there through the fog, seemed suddenly to push out threatening fists and shoulders at us. All night long the ice-guns had bombarded us from four or five directions, when the great masses of ice from living glaciers toppled into the sea, crashing and grinding with the noise of thunder. The granite walls hurled back the sound in reiterated peals, multiplying its volume a hundredfold.

There was no Love apparent on that bleak, gray morning: Power was there in appalling force. Visions of those evergreen trees that had once clung trustingly to these mountain walls, but had been swept, one and all, by the relentless forces of the ice and buried deep under mountains of moraine matter, but added to the present desolation. We could not enjoy; we could only endure. Death from overturning icebergs, from charging tides, from mountain avalanche, threatened us.

Suddenly I heard Muir catch his breath with a fervent ejaculation. "God Almighty!" he said. Following his gaze toward Mt. Crillon, I saw the summit highest of all crowned with glory indeed. It was not sunlight; there was no appearance of shining; it was as if the Great Artist with one sweep of His brush had laid upon the king-peak of all a crown of the most brilliant of all colors—as if a pigment, perfectly made and thickly spread, too delicate for crimson, too intense for pink, had leaped in a moment upon the mountain top—"An awful rose of dawn." The summit nearest heaven had caught a glimpse of its glory! It was a rose blooming in ice-fields, a love-song in the midst of a stern epic, a drop from the heart of Christ upon the icy desolation and barren affections of a sin-frozen world. It warmed and thrilled us in an instant. We who had been dull and apathetic a moment before, shivering in our wet blankets, were glowing and exultant now. Even the Indians ceased their paddling, gazing with faces of awe upon the wonder. Now, as we watched that kingly peak, we saw the color leap to one and another and another of the snowy summits around it. The monarch had a whole family of royal princes about him to share his glory. Their radiant heads, ruby crowned, were above the clouds, which seemed to form their silken garments.

As we looked in ecstatic silence we saw the light creep down the mountains. It was changing now. The glowing crimson was suffused with soft, creamy light. If it was less divine, it was more warmly human. Heaven was coming down to

Are you the Lucky *One in Five?*

Not if you neglect your teeth

All too few persons practice the strictest oral hygiene. Far too many are infected with Pyorrhea, and through neglect, lose their teeth and suffer from broken health. For statistics show that four out of every five past forty, and thousands younger, are subject to this sinister disease.

At the first sign of Pyorrhea, Nature gives her danger signal—tender gums which bleed easily when the teeth are brushed.

Fortunate is he who heeds that friendly warning; his teeth may be spared, while he who neglects that admonition may pay the extreme penalty.

Heed Nature's Warning

At the first sign of tender, bleeding gums, go to your dentist for teeth and gum inspection and start using Forhan's For the Gums at once.

Forhan's For the Gums is the scientific formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. If used consistently and used in time, it will prevent Pyorrhea or check its course.

In addition to its efficacy in the treatment of Pyorrhea, Forhan's For the Gums is an excellent dentifrice. It contains nothing but the most beneficial ingredients that keep teeth white and clean, and the gums firm and healthy.

Remember, statistics are all against you. Science proves that four out of every five are doomed after forty. For that reason it is good health insurance to start using Forhan's For the Gums today. It is pleasant to the taste and refreshing to the mouth.

Forhan's For the Gums is sold by druggists everywhere. Start a good habit today, the habit of strict oral hygiene. Go regularly to your dentist, and brush your teeth twice a day with Forhan's. 35c and 60c in tubes.

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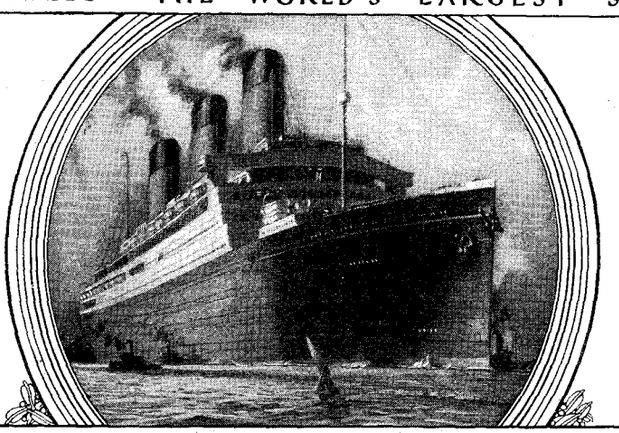

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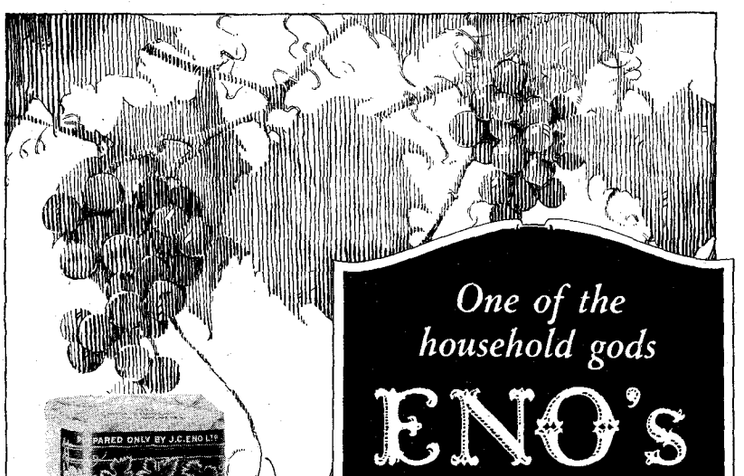
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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

man. The dark recesses of the mountains began to lighten. They stood forth as at the word of command from the Master of All; and as the changing mellow light moved downward that wonderful colosseum appeared clearly with its battlements and peaks and columns, until the whole majestic landscape was revealed.

Our minds cleared with the landscape; our courage rose; our Indians dipt their paddles silently, steering without fear amidst the dangerous masses of ice. But there was no profanity in Muir's exclamation, "We have met with God!" A life-long devoutness of gratitude filled us, to think that we were guided into this most wonderful room of God's great gallery, on perhaps the only day in the year when the skies were cleared and the sunrise, the atmospheric conditions and the point of view all prepared for the matchless spectacle. The discomforts of the voyage, the toil, the cold and rain of the past few weeks were a small price to pay for one glimpse of its surpassing loveliness. Again and again Muir would break out, after a long silence of blissful memory, with exclamations:

"We saw it; we saw it! He sent us to his most glorious exhibition. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!"

WHERE OUR INDUSTRIAL GIANTS HAIL FROM

BIG men come from little places is the general conclusion reached by Mr. B. C. Forbes in the New York *American*, after tabulating the birthplaces of the heads of forty of our leading industrial concerns and twenty of our leading railroads. In the combined list New York appears only twice, so, "New York City would appear to be a bad place to be born in." A much better start on the road to greatness is an early residence in such places as Wauwatosa, Wisconsin; Princeton, Arkansas; Edgartown, Massachusetts; Crestline, Ohio, and New Wheaton, Illinois. It is also noted that the great free spaces of the West are not so largely represented as the Eastern States. Pennsylvania, for instance, leads in the production of important railroad executives with three to two each for Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and New York, and with one each for California, Wisconsin, Vermont, Arkansas, Tennessee, Louisiana, New Hampshire, Texas, and Ireland. On the Forbes list the States which have supplied industrial leaders rank as follows:

New York	5	New Hampshire	1
Ohio	4	Missouri	1
Michigan	3	Vermont	1
Illinois	3	California	1
Pennsylvania	3	North Carolina	1
Massachusetts	3	Maine	1
Wisconsin	2	Delaware	1
Connecticut	2	Alabama	1
New Jersey	2	Scotland	1
Canada	2	England	1
Louisiana	2		

The list showing the birthplaces of

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ur industrial leaders is given as follows n the financial page of *The American:*

INDUSTRIAL CONCERNS

Head	*Company*	*Where Born*
Ogden Armour	Armour & Co	Milwaukee, Wis.
arl D. Babst	Am. Sugar Refin	Crestline, Ohio
. C. Bedford	Stand. Oil, N. J.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
ewcomb Carlton	Western Union	Elizabeth, N. J.
. A. Coffin	Gen. Electric	Somerset Co., Me.
igginton E. Creed	Pacific Gas & Elec.	Fresno, Cal.
dward L. Doheny	Mex. Petroleum	Fond du Lac, Wis.
enry L. Doherty	Henry L. Doherty & Co.	Columbus, Ohio
obert Dollar	Dollar S. S. Co.	Falkirk, Scotland
ames B. Duke	Tobacco	Durham, N. C.
ierre S. Du Pont	General Motors	Wilmington, Del.
eorge Eastman	Eastman Kodak	Waterville, N. Y.
hos. A. Edison	Edison Co's.	Milan, Ohio
. R. Erskine	Studebaker Corp	Huntsville, Ala.
ames A. Farrell	U. S. Steel Corp.	New Haven, Conn.
enry Ford	Ford Motor Co	Greenfield, Mich.
. H. Gary	U. S. Steel Corp.	New Wheaton, Ill.
ugene S. Grace	Bethlehem Steel	Goshen, N. J.
aniel Guggenheim	Smelting	Philadelphia, Pa.
. M. Herr	West'house E. & M.	Lancaster, Pa.
amuel Insull	C'wealth Edison Chi.	London, England
ohn B. Miller	South. Cal. Edison	Port Huron, Mich.
Vm. H. Nichols	Allied Chem. & Dye	Brooklyn, N. Y.
. I. Parson	F. W. Woolworth	Toronto, Canada
ohn D. Rockefeller	Oil	Richford, N. Y.
ulius Rosenwald	Sears, Roebuck & Co.	Springfield, Ill.
ohn D. Ryan	Copper	Hancock, Mich.
has. M. Schwab	Bethlehem Steel	Williamsburg, Pa.
has. B. Seger	U. S. Rubber	New Orleans, La.
ohn G. Shedd	Marshall Field & Co.	Alstead, N. H.
lfred F. Sloan	General Motors	New Haven, Conn.
has. A. Stone	Stone & Webster	Newton, Mass.
ouis Swift	Swift & Co	Cape Cod, Mass.
erard Swope	General Electric	St. Louis, Mo.
Walter C. Teagle	Standard Oil.	Cleveland, Ohio
Harry B. Thayer	Amer. Tel. & Tel.	Northfield, Vt.
F. Edson White	Armour & Co.	Peoria, Ill.
hos. E. Wilson	Wilson & Co.	London, Canada
William M. Wood	American Woolen	Edgartown, Mass.
Owen D. Young	General Electric	VanHornesville, N.Y.

RAILROADS

Head	*Company*	*Where Born*
W. W. Atterbury	Penn. R. R.	New Albany, Ind.
B. F. Bush	Miss. Pacific	Wellsboro, Pa.
H. E. Bryam	Chi., Mil. & St. Paul	Galesburg, Ill.
Agnew T. Dice	Reading	Scotland, Pa.
Howard Elliott	Northern Pacific	New York, N. Y.
Carl Gray	Union Pacific	Princeton, Ark.
J. M. Hannaford	Northern Pacific	Claremont, N. H.
Fairfax Harrison	Southern Railway	New York
Julius Kruttschnitt	Southern Pacific	New Orleans, La.
L. F. Loree	Delaware & Hudson	Fulton City, Ill.
Robt. S. Lovett	Union Pacific	San Jacinto, Texas
C. H. Markham	Illinois Central	Clarksville, Tenn.
E. J. Pearson	N. Y., N. H. & H.	Rockville, Ind.
Samuel Rea	Penn. R. R.	Hollidaysburg, Pa.
A. H. Smith	N. Y. Central	Cleveland, Ohio
Wm. Sproule	Southern Pacific	Ireland
W. B. Storey	A., T. & Santa Fe	San Francisco
W. H. Innesdale	Del., Lack. & West.	New Youngstown, O.
F. D. Underwood	Erie R. R.	Wauwatosa, Wis.
Daniel Willard	Baltimore & Ohio	No. Hartland, Vt.

Turn About.—A man who worked in the packing department of a large store recently resigned and said he was going into business with another man.

"Don't you think that's rather a risky thing to do nowadays?" said the foreman, when he heard about the new venture.

"Ah, that will be all right!" said the other. "Jim and I will make a success of it. I will furnish the experience and he will supply the capital."

"How long do you expect that plan to succeed?" asked the foreman.

"Oh, about five years," was the reply. "By that time, if all goes well, I'll have the capital and he'll have the experience!"—*Good Hardware.*

Effective Sermon.—"What was the text of the sermon to-day?"

"He giveth His beloved sleep."

"Who was there?"

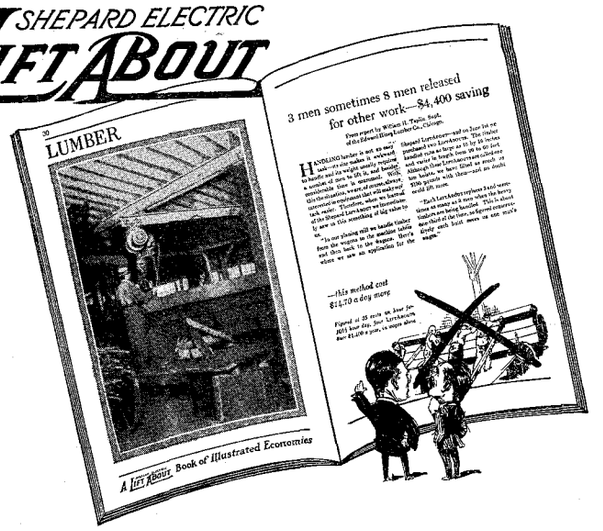
"All the beloved, apparently."—*The Epworth Herald.*

All Arranged.—"It's such a bother deciding about holidays."

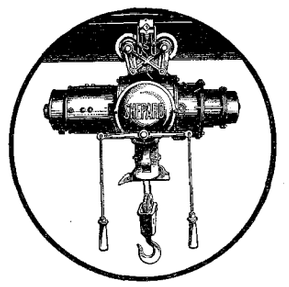
"It doesn't bother me. The boss tells me when to go and the wife tells me where."—*London Opinion.*

Some Cow.—FOR SALE—Jersey cow, gives the finest of sweet milk, buttermilk and cream cheese.—*Classified ad. in The Mobile Register.*

THE SHEPARD ELECTRIC LIFT ABOUT



One of 50 Ways to Save Money



THIS *LiftAbout* Book shows fifty ways to save money—a revelation in material handling economies.

A Book giving the facts, and actual photographs, of this powerful little electric hoist as used in various lines of business for handling loads of every description.

It tells just what you want to know, how the *LiftAbout* can bring a big economy to your business. A FREE COPY on request.

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Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware

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Let Corbin control your *most used* doors

Is it economy to put poor hardware on your pantry and kitchen doors—and be annoyed all the rest of your life?

Double-acting doors controlled by the Corbin Floor Spring Hinge are never bad-acting doors. And they won't wear out. The strong mechanism is solidly set into the floor. At 90 degrees, the door stays open.

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Plan your European Trip to escape the mid-summer heat~

IF you are going to Europe this year, plan your trip for August or September. Europe is delightful then. August days that are miserably hot here are cool and delightful at sea.

The United States Lines operates four separate services to Europe. The largest ship in the world, the great Leviathan, plies between New York, Southampton and Cherbourg, with a sailing every three weeks. Three other first class ships sail to Plymouth, Cherbourg and Bremen.

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MOTORING · AND · AVIATION

LUCKY LADIES WHO MOTOR ALONE

"THANK heaven there is still one field left open to women where they have some outrageous advantages over mere man—and that field is motoring." So, proclaims a woman motorist, sounding a clarion call to her sisters to come forth and enjoy this "fruit of feminine preeminence." This latest advocate of feminine superiority, Laura Breckenridge McClintock, has motored 50,000 miles, alone or with a woman companion, through the wildest sections of the West, and now she asks, through the pages of *Motor* (New York): "Why take a man along?" Why even be too much bothered by learning the technique of the car, how to handle all the foolish tools, jigamaroos, etc.? A well-cut pair of breeches, she announces, a natty sport blouse, are more to be esteemed than a set of tools and a spare tire thrown in. Women have been too much under their instinct of discretion as regards motoring, she goes on. Ingenious man has led her to believe that, while it is perfectly safe and "proper" for her to go unattended from continent to continent by rail or steamship, "to suggest attempting even an overnight jaunt in an automobile without a husband or brother along is not only questionable as to taste, but just

WHAT REAL "HE-MAN" COULD RESIST THIS?

One look at the way the lady is holding the wrench would make him take it away from her and never let her hold it again. Any lady motorist may learn much from this picture.

about impossible from a practical point of view." The militant lady motorist proceeds:

Not that I am advocating that the female of the nation when they are smitten with the wanderlust fever climb forthwith into the family chariot and roll majestically toward Alaska, or the Gulf of Mexico, without even so much as mentioning their proposed outing to the head of the house. Far from it! I'm a stanch believer in the clinging-vine and sturdy-oak formula. Ever since I was old enough to painlessly extract my allowance—plus—from the financial ruler of our household I have become more and more convinced that the subtle art of masculine intercourse per the "Oh, you-are-so-big-and-strong-and-I'm-so-dumb-and-weak" method has every other system beat a block. I would even go so far as to say it can beat a congressional bloc—if handled adroitly by "she-male" lobbyists not too overly conscious of

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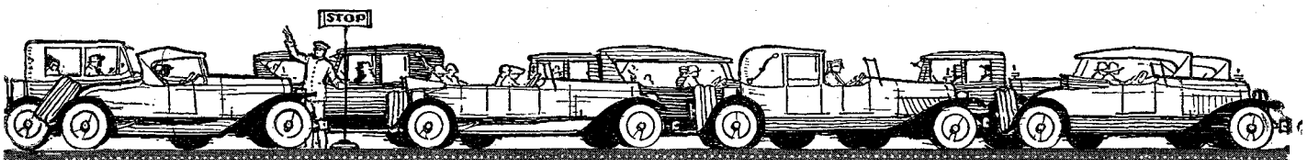

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In Summer—

Your engine starts easily, you use your lights less, you drive farther. This tends to overcharge and overheat your battery.

Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation gives you extra protection against the effects of overheating. Being made largely of rubber, it does not "burn-out." Thus it has saved many a battery which otherwise would have been a total loss.

In Winter—

Stiff motors and the greater use of lights put a heavy load on the battery.

Threaded Rubber Insulation gives a battery more "punch"—starting a cold motor more quickly and with less drain on the battery. The battery remains more fully charged and is less likely to freeze—saving you trouble and perhaps a $10 or $12 repair bill.

A Low Cost for Satisfactory Battery Operation

With all their advantages, Willard Threaded Rubber Batteries cost no more to buy than any other first-grade battery—and they cost less to own. You'll find real battery economy and satisfaction at any Willard Service Station.

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Willard "A" and "B" Radio Storage Batteries reduce noises and increase efficiency. Write for free booklet, "Better Results from Radio".

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Golf Confidence —and the Steel Shaft

What is this mental factor that so many say is ninety per cent. of golf?

When you step up to the ball and the club in your hands feels good the chances are ten to one the shot will be good. Therein lies the secret of the success of the Bristol Steel Golf Shaft. It makes all clubs "feel good," for the balance is just right. You have confidence in its strength, the way it "stays with ball" in a bad lie.

Patented
Nov. 22 1910 Oct 3 1911
May 12, 1914 May 2, 1916

"Bristol" TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. Steel Golf Shaft

Notice: Basic and Supplementary Patents covering Steel Golf Shafts are controlled exclusively by us.

Because all are made exactly the same in quality you have confidence in their dependability. You'll play better golf with them. Remember, too, that the Bristol Steel Golf Shaft will not warp, crack or rust.

Bristol Steel Shafted Clubs can be supplied by The Crawford, McGregor & Canby Co., Dayton, Ohio; A. G. Spalding & Bros., New York; Thos. E. Wilson & Co., Chicago; The Hillerich & Bradsby Co., Louisville, Ky.; and The Burke Golf Co., Newark, Ohio.

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"Bristol" Steel Fishing Rods

Bristol Steel Fishing Rods, Meek and Blue Grass Reels and Kingfisher Silk Fishing Lines are made by the same company which makes the Bristol Steel Golf Shaft. One recommends the others.

Our fishing tackle has long been known to fishermen as satisfactory in every way for every kind of fishing.

Bristol, Meek and Kingfisher Catalogs mailed free on request.

MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

their brains, nor too unconscious of their ankles."

Having now disposed of the psychological objections to women touring alone as merely a discretion "complex" (that sounds impressively Freudian anyway, regardless of whether it actually means anything or not), let's proceed to the practical advantages of leaving the lordly ones behind.

Why take the men along? Why, even if their resistance can be overcome, and a lukewarm enthusiasm results? There are few difficulties to be met with in touring that can not be just as well, if not more easily, dealt with by women traveling alone than if in company with a man. And, oh, the advantages! And the larks that result from such experiences! For there are advantages from the time the car is left to be overhauled at the corner garage in preparation for the trip until the last spare tire is cut into ribbons on the homeward flight. I know. I have had experience with and without the dear things along.

The police with one accord are more lenient with women making mistakes than they are with men—no matter if the latter are strangers also. Inn-keepers, fellow-travelers, proprietors of roadside filling-stations, strangers in stranger towns, etc.; while mechanics seem to blossom forth into fits of unheard-of speed under a fire of ignorant questions and feminine flattery. Likewise, the fewer the questions and the greater the flattery, the gentler mechanics are with women when the time comes for terms. There are advantages, yea, even unto the police courts!

Mrs. McClintock presents this résumé of her heterogeneous experiences with life and people in general, and men and motors in particular:

First, women don't have to know very much about the internal arrangements of automobiles to take long tours. Second, neither do they have to be awfully young and good-looking to "get by." That latter is a sager remark than it seems. "One look," as the peppy real estate dealer advertises, "would mean a lot." If you don't believe it ask my "kid" brother. His observations may not be as flattering as I might like, but they will at least be unbiased.

Take the police for instance. Men always want to argue. And even if they don't for some strange reason, officers of the law treat them as tho they ought to know better. They know women don't—and act accordingly. Only twice have I ever gotten into anything that resembles trouble with the law. Once I was in Frederick, Maryland. I had been warned, too, of the strictness of the Maryland motor laws, but I had come 200 miles over the Alleghany Mountains from Wheeling, West Virginia, that day and my mind was still filled with visions brought forth by those cheery sign-posts atop the highest peaks: "Eternity is just around the corner," they read: "Sinners, Are You Ready?"

The day had started off badly to begin with. At Uniontown, Pennsylvania, I asked a young man at a filling-station if we had come over the worst part of the mountains. I was scared.

"Hell, lady, you ain't started over the mountain yit," he sniffed. He didn't exaggerate. But he did depress us. So when

"a stroke of genius" —said the banker

There's a big surprise waiting for the man who hasn't seen the new Williams' Doublecap Stick.

A husky stick—the famous Williams' kind—with a shining, big metal cap on each end that serves as a handle as well as a container. And what a handle! Room for all four fingers and thumb so that your hand never touches the soap.

Williams' has always given you the most comfortable, cooling, soothing shave in the world. Now they give you a new improved stick that makes shaving more convenient, sanitary and economical.

Try it! Buy the new Doublecap Stick at your nearest dealers'. Or let us send you a Sample Doublecap Stick free.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. D-1; Glastonbury, Conn.

Williams' Doublecap Shaving Stick

Made by the makers of the famous Williams' Holder Top Stick and Williams' Shaving Cream.

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If Your Feet Ache and Throb at Night Massage them with Soothing, Cooling Mentholatum
Write for free sample
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Before and After Baby Comes

Dr. Louis Fischer, one of the most eminent child specialists, who for years has taught mothers how to rear healthy babies, now offers scientific instruction on caring for the child before birth to insure its being born healthy. This vitally important phase of baby life is interestingly presented in the *new, completely revised edition* of Dr. Fischer's valuable handbook for mothers and nurses—the

Health-Care of the Baby

This is the fourteenth edition—the 165th thousand—of Dr. Fischer's famous book, and besides prenatal matter, the author gives the latest scientific information on infant care. Covers nursing, bathing, training, teething, general feeding, special feeding during the diarrheal period, weaning, clothing, treating ears and eyes, accidents and ordinary illnesses, contagious diseases and fevers, how to modify scanty breast milk, caloric requirements of the infant, suggestions for treating sensitive and catarrhal children, information on vitamines, etc.

Dr. Fischer, now medical director of New York *Infantorium, was formerly instructor in children's* diseases at the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital, and his newly revised book will prove even a better guide to mothers and prospective mothers than the twelve editions that preceded it. Illustrated.

12mo. Cloth. 230 pages, $1, net: postpaid, $1.08.

Funk & Wagnalls Co., Pubs., 354-360 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

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we drove into sleepy little Frederick long after dusk we were too numb to think of looking for cops. Suddenly an infuriated little bewhiskered man darted out from behind an enormous umbrella anchored on the starboard curbing.

"Where in the devil do you think you are going?" he bellowed.

"Some place where there aren't any mountains, please God!" I replied wearily as he shook his fist in my face.

He yelled at us, threatened us with arrest and jail imprisonment, called us a pair of fools not to stay where we belonged, and when we agreed with everything he said—particularly the latter—he finally dismissed us.

Another time I thoughtlessly parked my jitney for hours on a crowded thoroughfare, and to make the offense worse, not two feet from a fire hydrant. I was hauled before the police judge. He glowered wrathfully, expostulated with me at length, cited all my misdemeanors, and demanded to know just how long I had left my car parked. A whole crowd of his brass-buttoned "slavies" stood by to see me devoured. He had the reputation of being a hard-boiled "guy."

"Well, I'll tell you, Judge," I confided sweetly. "I didn't see that old fire-plug! And I didn't know how long my car was parked. I'm awfully sorry, but you see, Judge," very confidentially, "I'm just a bit feeble-minded!"

He let me go. And patted me on the back besides.

My advice to females who would fain roam afield this summer would be to take a spare and a fresh hanky, but to substitute for pincers a couple of good-looking sport blouses, a nifty sweater or so, and a pair of curling-irons.

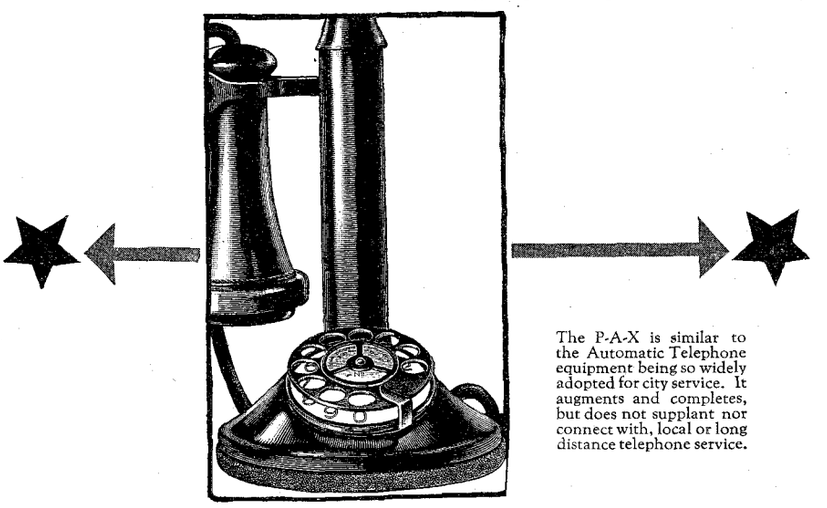
LIEUTENANT MAUGHAN'S SUCCESSFUL FAILURE

FATE may have been unkind enough to bring down the world's fastest fighting plane, piloted by Lieutenant Maughan, a few miles short of the transcontinental goal, but, nevertheless, comment numerous aeronautic authorities, along with a good many lay editorial writers, this two-thousand-mile flight stands out as one of the most significant events in recent aviation history. The failure of a part of the plane, a connection in the oil-cooling device, was all that stood between the pilot and his ambition—a flight across the continent between dawn and dusk. It is a case of "wooden ships and an iron man" again, remarks the New York *World*, recalling that:

> The old sailor loves to say that in the days of wooden ships they mastered the seas because there were iron men to sail them, with the unflattering suggestion that nowadays there are ships of iron and wooden men to man them. The economist puts it another way, pointing out that the machine has made the worker its slave and that the craftsman is no longer master of his tools.

Consider the recent exploits of Lieut. Russell L. Maughan of the Army Air Service. He has made two attempts to fly from coast to coast in the light of one day. He thereby hopes to demonstrate, among other things, that the Atlantic and Pacific fleets may depend upon one force of combat airplanes, which in case of invasion may be shifted from one coast to another at will.

Lieutenant Maughan has been flying a



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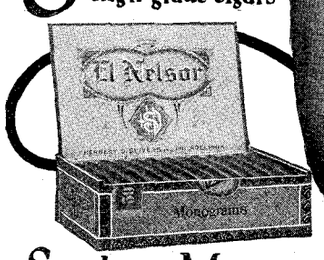

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kills Flies by the Roomful—Mosquitoes, too.

MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

pursuit plane made of steel and other finely tested stuffs. He himself is made of bone and nerve and sinew. Twice, now, the human mechanism has exhausted that of the airplane; twice, the finest sort of machine craftsmanship has given way before the human equipment showed signs of breaking down. The last flight, when pilot and plane traversed two-thirds of the distance across the United States in daylight, found the human mechanism a little groggy from oil fumes, but still able to function regularly. It found the oiling system of the inanimate machine unable to carry on under such terrific demands.

It seems that the Army Air Service has found the right pilot in Lieutenant Maughan, a man of iron. It is up to the designers and engineers to find a pursuit plane he can not wear down.

In addition to the astounding feat of averaging 155 miles an hour for nearly 2,000 miles, the Detroit *News* points out, Maughan, in his Curtiss pursuit plane, shattered a "flock of world's records." Just how many new records were set will not be known until after days of calculation by officials of the I. F. A. In the meantime, however, remarks the New York *Herald:*

> In one important respect these failures have been successes. The first one showed the importance of absolutely clean gas-pipes and carburetors. The second demonstrated the weakness of the machine's oil-cooler. Airplanes are not yet perfect, and every severe test of this kind is likely to bring out remediable defects which could not be discovered except by prolonged flight.

The Aeronautical Digest presents this summation:

> The unsuccessful attempts of Lieutenant Maughan to fly across the Continent between dawn and dusk were of great value to the manufacturer as well as to the Air Service, in the study of the problem of the quick mobility of this type of ship in time of emergency. Throughout both tests, extending over some 3,000 miles of flying, as well as the return trip from St. Joseph, the Curtiss *D-12* motor functioned perfectly. The first trial was interrupted by the presence of foreign matter in a filter hitherto considered adequate to meet any demand placed upon it. How this material got there is a problem. The tanks were washed out not only with gasoline, but also with a diluted solution of sulfuric acid, that they might be absolutely clean. Presumably, the material that clogged the filter may have come from the chamois used in straining the gasoline.
>
> The second flight, made ten days later, was again interrupted—not by faulty operation of the motor, or the plane, but by accessory equipment, the oil-cooler, which is similar to that used in the Army Curtiss ship that won the Pulitzer Race in 1922. It is notable that this ship had had some 60 or 70 hours in the air previous to the transcontinental flights without experiencing any of the difficulties with which Lieutenant Maughan contended. The wisdom of the air service in carrying on these exceedingly heroic tests is certainly justified by the experience and knowledge gained.

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Always keep New-Skin on hand for emergencies. A very little of it on a cut, scrape, or minor skin injury will form an antiseptic protection, keep germs out, and help nature heal.

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BY GRENVILLE KLEISER

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ING COTTON GOES UP IN THE AIR

THE advantages of airplanes as passenger carriers have been realized hroughout the world, but the possibilities f these machines as transporters of freight eem to have been overlooked, in America t least, tho we read in *The United States Air Service Magazine* (Washington) that in England, France, Germany and The Netherlands the aerial freight business is in a flourishing condition." To show merchants here the way the airplane can help naterially expedite the shipment of their goods, the Army Air Service, cooperating with the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce of the U. S. A., the Augusta, Georgia, Board of Commerce, and the Wamsutta Mills, of New Bedford, Massachusetts, arranged for the flight of two giant Martin bombers from Augusta to the mills in Massachusetts, with two bales of cotton, to be woven on the looms.

The recent Shriners' Convention in Washington was the occasion for "this really historic flight" in which "for the first time in history cotton was transported through air from the fields where it is grown to the mills where it is made into cloth," as the magazine article remarks. The account of the trip is as follows:

Two Martin Bombing Airplanes left Augusta at 4.45 A. M. June 4, with two bales of cotton consigned to the Wamsutta Mills at New Bedford. They arrived at New Bedford at 4.39 P. M., the actual flying time for 1,000 miles being ten hours and fifteen minutes.

Immediately the raw cotton was rushed to the Wamsutta Mills, where it was prepared for weaving on the looms. Next morning the two planes took off from New Bedford at 5.45 o'clock, arriving in Washington at noon.

The occasion for this really historic flight was the Shriners' Convention in Washington. The flyers carried as souvenirs Masonic aprons made by the Wamsutta Mills from Georgia cotton, delivering them in record time.

While waiting at New Bedford, the flyers were entertained at a dinner presided over by Oliver Prescott, President of the Wamsutta Mills. Charles F. Broughton, treasurer of the Wamsutta Mills, said:

"I believe that the day will come when by air or some other means, rapid shipment of cotton will be possible. Rapid shipment will mean added production which, of course, will mean lower costs. I think that this flight, which was completed within 17 minutes of the scheduled time, is an indication of what is to come.

"This flight brings home to the business men of this country the fact that they have practically ignored the possibilities of the airplane as the most rapid means of transportation now available. In England, France, Germany and The Netherlands the aerial freight business is in a flourishing condition. The Army Air Service has already demonstrated the commercial possibilities of the airplane by shipping spare parts for airplanes and engines, clothing, and so on, by air in a fraction of the time possible by rail or boat."

Each apron bore the following legend: "500-pound bale of raw cotton donated by Board of Commerce, Augusta, Georgia. Transported by Army Air Service from Augusta to New Bedford, Massachusetts,

if you plan to build

you have doubtless considered possible locations with the greatest care. You have noted transportation, proximity to schools, and so on—all matters *above* ground.

We suggest also looking carefully *under* ground.

What of the water supply? *First*, are the mains already installed ample for a considerable increase in population? *Second*, are they of a material which will not deteriorate, requiring costly repairs, and perhaps failing you utterly when you need them most?

If you find them made of cast iron, you may rest easy. Cast Iron Pipe will not deteriorate in your lifetime. No one knows how long it will last, but there are instances of present use after three centuries and more of service.

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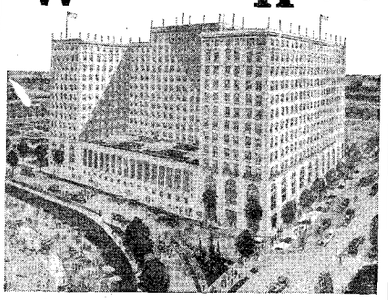

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MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

in 10 hours on June 4. Aprons fabricated by Wamsutta Mills, New Bedford, Massachusetts. Aprons transported by Army Air Service from New Bedford to Washington, D. C., in 3½ hours on June 5. Delivered to Shrine Convention 2 P. M. AMERICA, THE BIRTHPLACE OF AVIATION. SUPPORT IT!"

An account of this feat in *The Aeronautical Digest* (New York) adds that "The Air Service of the U. S. Army issued an order for a trip of this character in 1919, but it was canceled for some reason unknown to the officers who originated the idea, altho plans for the trip had been perfected."

BIG PLANES HARD TO CONTROL

WHILE some airplane designers are experimenting with "flivvers" and gliders of almost vest-pocket size, others are proceeding along the line of development which calls for larger and still larger machines. Each group has its own particular problems to wrestle with. Those of the "flivver" designers already have been commented upon extensively, in connection with Georges Barbot, the French aviator, and his tiny Dewoitine craft. An article in the aeronautics department of *The Christian Science Monitor* (Boston) describes one of the difficulties confronting makers of large machines, by observing that—

As airplanes continue to increase in size, it becomes progressively more difficult to control their flight by simple manual operation of the usual system of elevator, rudder and ailerons. Designers have so far been able, thanks to a growing knowledge of aerodynamics, to meet the situation by the development of more efficient control surfaces requiring less force to produce a given effect than did the older types, but that can not continue indefinitely. The time will finally come when it will be necessary either to go over to mechanical or electrical operation of the controls or to abandon the present form of control entirely, replacing it by some device wherein the pilot's force is multiplied and the control is made, to a certain extent, to operate itself, or at least to refrain from offering direct opposition to the pilot's efforts.

In a sense, the ordinary balanced control is in itself such a device, and balanced controls are now fitted on all airplanes of very large size. They consist simply of surfaces which lie partly ahead of and partly behind the hinge, instead of having the hinge at the leading edge. The pressure on the part of the surface forward of the hinge tends to increase any divergence from the neutral position of the controls, and so acts against the force on the rear part of the surface. Such balancing would be all-sufficient if the center of pressure of the air reaction on an inclined surface were the same under all conditions, as the hinge could then be set back exactly to the center of pressure, and the only force exerted by the pilot would be that necessary to overcome friction in the system, but unfortunately that is not the case. The center of pressure moves as the angle at

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which the surface meets the air is changed, and no such thing as perfect balancing is possible, altho, as already noted, there has been considerable progress in approaching that ideal in the last few years.

If the ordinary type of balance is deemed insufficient, the next step is to use an assembly of surfaces such that the force on one will help to move some other. The most notable instances of that sort are furnished by the De Haviland aileron gear, the Flettner rudder and the Loening aileron.

We are told that there are general lines along which it is possible to proceed in order to reduce the force required of a control. In the first place—

The gearing may be changed so that the pilot exerts a small force through a large distance instead of a large force through a small distance. That possibility is subject to certain very distinct limitations.

Second, the lever arm of the force on the control surface may be reduced with respect to the hinge by getting the effective center of pressure closer to the hinge line. This is the idea of all balancing devices.

Third, the size of the surface to which the pilot's force is directly applied may be reduced, either by the use of an auxiliary surface, as in the Flettner device, or by replacement of the ailerons and other controls now commonly used with something entirely new in form and different in operation. Such a fundamental change in control methods must at least be regarded as a possibility.

A very ingenious application of the idea of using one surface as an auxiliary to control the motions of another has recently been made by the Loening company, American builders of airplanes and seaplanes. Mr. Loening has removed the ailerons from their accustomed position at the rear of the wing and placed them at the leading edge, with the object of causing the wing to twist in such a direction as to reinforce the aileron action.

The fourth and last of the possible avenues of approach to a reduced controlling force is through a change in the direction of application of that force. If a heavy weight is resting on ice, pulled downward by gravity, a force equal to the pull of gravity itself will be required to lift it into the air. Very little force, however, need be exerted to slide the weight along the ice. Similarly, it is possible that we shall see the development of types of control in which the force is very small because the movement is at right angles to the principal load on the control member. There have already been trials of such devices, but they have failed because of mechanical complexity or because they gave an insufficiency of maximum controlling power.

Behind all these suggested schemes lies the possibility of the servo-motor, of mechanical or electrical operation, but that should be put off as long as possible. It is the duty of the engineer to spare no effort to improve the control system itself so that the introduction of a brand-new mechanical element, with its necessary increase of complication, may be avoided.

The Real Danger.—The small delivery boy was delivering to a new customer and had encountered a huge dog in the yard.

"Come in," said the lady, "he doesn't bite."

The boy still hung back. "Does he swallow?" he asked.—*Good Hardware.*

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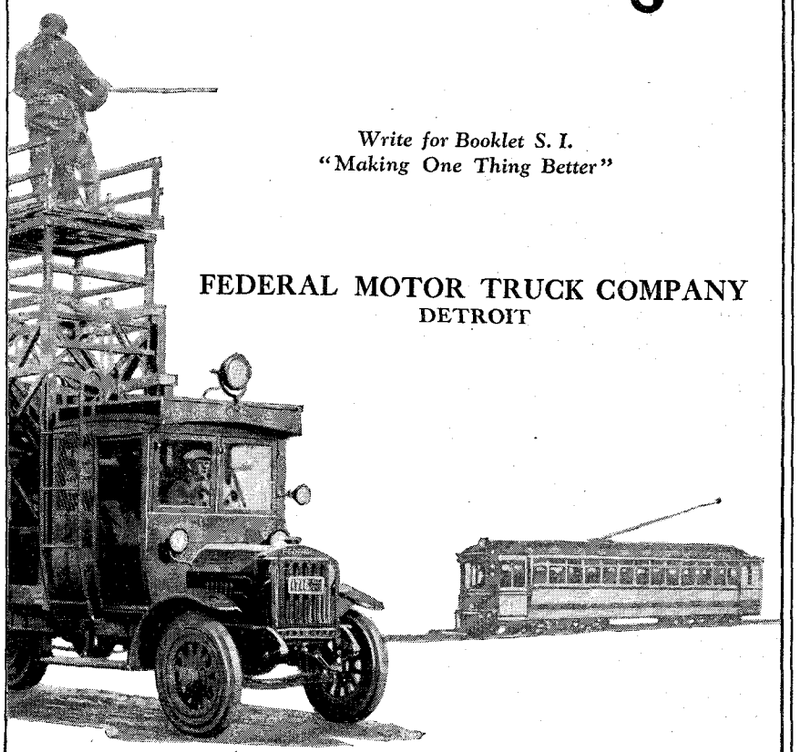

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Gentlemen:

I have often heard of great smokers of one kind of tobacco.

I have smoked 405 cans of Edgeworth Plug Slice 35c size without changing.

Now if you know of any better record I would be glad to hear from you. I smoke one can of tobacco in two days and enjoy every pipeful.

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(Signed) Byron Thurston

More than a year ago an Edgeworth smoker from Burlington, Vermont, Mr. H. F. Baldwin, wrote in suggesting that he had smoked more Edgeworth than any other living man. At that time he had smoked over 1000 cans of the same size purchased by Mr. Thurston, distributed over a period of nearly a score of years.

So while it appears today that Mr. Thurston is well behind the leader, if he continues smoking a can every two days, it may be only a matter of years before he will be well in advance of the entire field.

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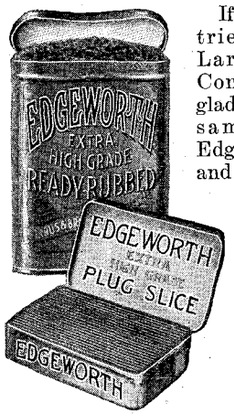

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Just drop a postcard to Larus & Brother Company, 5 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va., and the free samples will be forwarded to you promptly.

If you will also include the name and address of your regular tobacco dealer, your courtesy will be appreciated.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed come in small, pocket-size packages, in attractive tin humidors and in handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

INVESTMENTS ▼ AND ▼ FINANCE

THREE FLAWS IN PROSPERITY

IN a time of large earnings and full employment there is an uneasy feeling in business circles which is reflected most conspicuously in the stock market, and yet it has been difficult to find out just what is thought to be wrong with the business situation. A brief and definite statement appears in the Chicago financial correspondence of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. An unnamed Chicago merchant, who makes a close study of economic trends, hazards a guess that there are three flaws in our present prosperity which produce an unseen restraint. These are farm prices, unbalanced foreign trade, and fear of radical legislation. The low price-level for agricultural products "has got to be corrected," we are told, "and it isn't going to be corrected by legislation or cooperation or by holding back, or by the new credit banks, or by anything that has been or is being suggested. It is going to correct itself." The farmer, we are told, is a poor business man. "If a grocer can't make money in canned goods, he handles only enough canned goods to satisfy the demand he must meet to sell things on which he can make a profit; but the Kansas farmer goes on raising wheat." "Any one who thinks the farm situation is to be changed by sending theorists to the Senate to fight industry and the railroads will have to guess again," we read. The Chicago man concludes that "the farmer's political representatives and his organization representatives will have to fight the farmer and his ways and his business methods. Other things will soon correct themselves if these ways and methods are corrected."

Our second handicap is said to be "the lack of balance in our foreign trade." The situation is explained this way:

> Of course we have been doing business with foreign countries—good business. But we are not foreign traders and only a few of us are interested in it. We sell steel and oil and packing-house products abroad, and some specialties, but, mostly, the foreigners buy our products. They always have. We don't go abroad and sell them much. They come here and buy.
>
> We are still in the position of an empire open for exploitation, in the eyes of Europe. They talk of us and our products and our wealth as they talk of China. Now they are trying to get us to understand Europe's position and troubles. They are *not trying* to understand us. If Americans would spend money in exploiting Europe, Europe would have a better appreciation of us. The trouble is that we are not exploiters of countries abroad. There is too much to exploit at home.
>
> As a result, we have been influenced in our business prosperity by political conditions in Europe. I don't advocate exploitation of Europe or any other country. The point I am trying to make is that, in relation to foreign trade, we are passive. And this passivity has affected the degree of our prosperity, perhaps. And perhaps it hasn't made any difference. It may even be the better way. The chances are it will correct itself, just as the farmers' situation will correct itself.

The third flaw in our prosperity, says the Chicago business man, "is the fear of legislation hostile to business—industry and transportation":

> Possibly the fear of it is too great. The reality may not be so bad. To me there is no phenomenon comparable to that of an enlightened people's setting out to destroy the sources of wealth and success. It may be, as some old philosopher said, that the *pursuit of happiness is not the purpose of* existence; it is the gaining of experience. Eventually, I suppose, we will have to learn it that way unless we can profit from Russia's experience.

NO LET-UP IN EMPLOYMENT

IN spite of the seasonal lull there seems to be no let-up in the demand for workers, judging from reports made to government authorities. Indeed, the employment service of the Department of Labor expects employment conditions to remain favorable in practically every part of the country during the next sixty days at least. This conclusion is based upon a special country-wide survey recently made, the results of which were made public at the end of last month. It seems that while there is still a shortage of common labor in some sections, this is becoming less acute, altho shortage of farm labor is indicated in several States. In New York State "supply and demand of common labor" are about equal, as the report is summarized in a New York *Times* dispatch from Washington. A shortage is reported from New Jersey, where "full employment of all classes of labor is expected to continue" for the next two months. In the important industrial State of Pennsylvania—

> There is a shortage of common and semi-skilled and skilled labor, which will remain practically unchanged during the next sixty days. Building trades labor of every kind is extremely scarce, with no relief in sight. Steel and iron mills throughout the State of Pennsylvania are still somewhat hampered, due to the scarcity of this class of help. Large State and municipal road-building projects continue to employ the available supply of common labor.

Supply and demand of labor are about equal, and the industrial outlook is reported encouraging in New England, Ohio, Illinois and Indiana. The same condition generally exists in the Southern States, in Michigan, Minnesota and the Northwestern States.

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THE PROFESSIONAL MAN'S THRIFT PROBLEM

A SUBSCRIBER to the Chicago *Journal of Commerce* asks that paper to write a editorial on the financial problem of the nall-salaried professional man, being led o make the request by the paper's com-ent on the wages of highly paid manual orkers. The editor thinks that the letter self makes a perfectly acceptable editorial iscussion of the subject and, therefore, prints it as follows on the editorial page, nder the heading "The Thrift Problem f the White-Collared":

In the issue of July 23, there appears an ditorial stating that the $4,000 brick-ayer should save $2,500 a year and retire n his income in fifteen years.

I should like very much to have some of he statistical experts of the Chicago *Journal of Commerce* prepare a budget for he professional man, whose income ranges etween $3,000 and $4,000 yearly, showing ow he can save enough in 100 years to ury himself decently when he dies.

My own case is undoubtedly typical of nany; I am a man of thirty-two, trying to stablish some little professional practise nd standing, which requires my living in at least a quiet, respectable neighborhood, having presentable clothes, maintaining a small car for my business purposes, and giving my wife at least the rudiments of social presentability, including clothing and church and musical club dues.

I must carry insurance, and I must occasionally be seen out among other men in a social way. I consider these things about the minimum I can do, if I am not to drop out of my profession and become a bricklayer or a plasterer.

I offer the following figures briefly showing my yearly expenditures—a very modest showing, yet one that I feel is typical and may interest others:

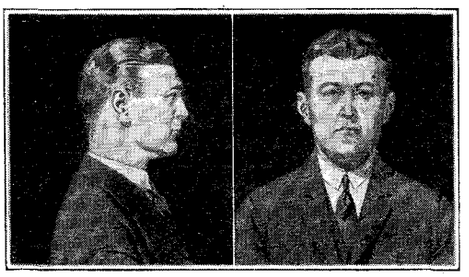
Business overhead not included.

Rent ($75.00 a month)	$900.00
Food for two	450.00
Clothing for two	300.00
Insurance	350.00
Household expenses (laundry, etc.)	250.00
Car	300.00
Dues (lodge, church, etc.)	200.00
Medical care	150.00
Personal expenses (incl. smoking, etc.)	100.00
Carfare	150.00
	$3,150.00

I have never yet cleared $4,000 from my business, and have not averaged $3,500. From what I know of others in my line, either on salaries or in private practises, $4,000 a year is excellent pay, as far as this line of work goes.

When the long sermons are all delivered by the high priests of thrift and economy, there still remains the question of the irreducible minimum on which the so-called "white-collar man" can exist. Does it pay to educate oneself, to marry, to attempt to establish and maintain a cultured American home, to raise children, to be an active member of one's society, working for better conditions and relations among one's fellow men, or is it, after all, better to admit that these things are of no value and, donning overalls and brogans, go out to learn a rough trade? It is not always possible to do this. And it is impossible, I maintain, for the average young business or professional man to keep his head above water on the present salaries as established.

Wanted for check-raising



DESCRIPTION

Age . . . . . 26 (looks older)
Height . . . . . 5 ft. 7 in.
Weight . . . . . 125 lbs.
Build . . . . . slender
Hair . . . chestnut brown (curly)
Eyes . . . . . light gray
Complexion . . . . . sallow
Occupation . . . . bookkeeper
Peculiarities . . cigarette smoker, nervous, prominent cheek bones, receding chin, pointed Roman nose, high forehead, nude woman tattooed on left arm.

This man is wanted for numerous check raisings. He is intelligent and plausible enough to allay any ordinary suspicions. *He is at large today*—police officials warn you of his activities. What name is he using? Whose ordinary, unsafe check may he alter next? Who knows?

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But Super-Safety Insured Bank Checks not only deter the green amateur—they scare off the hardened professional. For the paper on which they are made is the latest word in safety. Should an attempt be made to alter one of these checks, either by erasure, knife or acid, the paper fairly shrieks the crime.

Then—each depositor is insured up to the amount of $1,000 against fraudulent alteration, with the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Co. On each check, in the corner, appear the reassuring words: "INSURED," and "Protected by the William J. Burns International Detective Agency, Inc." The moral effect of this positive protection is not lightly to be tampered with. The crook will seek the unprotected check to play with.

William J. Burns strongly urges all bank depositors to take the precaution of using safety paper. And in his book—"Stories of Check Raisers—and How to Protect Yourself"—he has drawn on his vast experience, and offered timely advice which may save your bank account from being pilfered some day.

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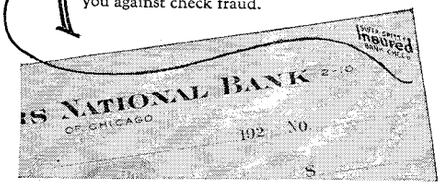

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Do you know the superstition of Adam's Apple, and the one about old maids leading apes in hell?

What is considered the gay science?

Who said "she's no chicken?" When was the first "joy ride" so called?

Where do we get: Horse of another color, grass widow, a pretty kettle of fish, freeze on to, hocus pocus, paint the town, Ananias Club, amen corner, hell box, sword of Damocles, calf love, to rain cats and dogs, crack of doom, French leave, bark up the wrong tree, age of consent, bring home the bacon, not built that way, bury the hatchet, to purge the Augean stables, acknowledge the corn, there's no kick coming, play to the gallery, hoodoo, to wear the breeches, ax to grind, a wink's as good as a nod, every dog has his day, the heel of Achilles, look daggers, all there, Ku Klux Klan, lady of the bed-chamber, liberty hall, leave in the lurch, marriage bed, a peach of a cold, peeping Tom, raise more hogs and less hell, seventh heaven, six of one and half a dozen of the other, unreconstructed Southerner, Welsh rabbit, walking papers, etc.

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We know no book better, of its kind and size.—Manchester (Eng.) *Guardian.*

Here is a book that mirrors these homely terms of which we make daily use without realizing the charm with which they are invested as mental images wide in application.—San Francisco *Examiner.*

An invaluable aid to all concerned with the teaching or writing of English speech and literature.—Tacoma *News Tribune.*

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So fascinating that one is tempted to read it straight through as if it were an absorbing story.—Hartford *Courant.*

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

July 26.—France raises the blockade of t occupied areas, which had been clos as a punishment for a bomb explosi on a train carrying Belgian soldie home. Ten of the soldiers were kille

Premier Poincaré announces that Belgiu and France find the recent British no on reparations unacceptable and th they will suggest a new draft.

Berlin Communists, under pressure of tl Government, call off the anti-Fascis open-air demonstration called for Ju 29. A dispatch from Duesseldorf sa that food supplies are slowly decreasin and that only a few shopkeepers ke open all day.

July 28.—American and Turkish experts Lausanne reach an agreement whereb the United States receives the mo favored nation treatment in connectio with the freedom of the Straits f merchantmen and warships.

July 29.—The anticipated and muc feared Communist uprising in German does not materialize, and the day passe off quietly.

The International Child Welfare Associa tion, meeting in Geneva, decides t create an official central bureau for con trol of moving pictures throughout th world and a clearing-house of informa tion from all countries concerning th propriety of all films for children.

The Turkish delegates at Lausanne under take to assure equitable treatment o the Christian populations in Turkey.

July 30.—The British Government re ceives the French and Belgian replie to the recent British note on repara tions. The contents of the note ar kept secret at the request of Premie Poincaré.

July 31.—One hundred are reported kille and scores mangled in a collision be tween the Hamburg and Munich expres and a train standing at the Kreiensen station in Berlin.

The bill prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors to any person under eighteen years of age is signed by the King and becomes British law.

DOMESTIC

July 26.—President Harding receives a cordial welcome in Vancouver, British Columbia, and a message of welcome from the Premier of Canada, Mackenzie King. It is the first time a President of the United States has visited Canada and the second time that a President has set foot on foreign soil.

The coal-mine operators, meeting with the coal-miners at Atlantic City, refuse to adopt the "check-off" system demanded by the miners as a full recognition of the union, and the wage conference is reported to be on the verge of collapse.

July 27.—The anthracite wage conference at Atlantic City splits on the question of complete recognition of the United Mine Workers of America, and the subcommittee negotiating this demand adjourns, subject to the call of the secretary at the request of either side.

The Marine transport *Henderson*, carrying the Presidential party to Seattle, crashes into the destroyer *Zeilin*, Number 313, ripping a large hole in the destroyer. The destroyer is able to make port.

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July 28.—President Harding, while passing through Oregon, is stricken with illness, reported to be due to ptomaine poisoning, following the eating of crabs.

July 29.—Instead of going on with his schedule, President Harding is put to bed in a hotel at San Francisco, and a complete rest is ordered by his doctors.

July 30.—Broncho-pneumonia sets in, and the condition of President Harding is reported to be very grave.

July 31.—The crisis in President Harding's condition is said to be passed, and his recovery is now confidently expected.

In an address which the President was prevented from making because of his illness, given out for publication, he states that the World Court "is a step in the right direction and will prove an advance toward international peace, for which the reflective conscience of mankind is calling."

Senator Oscar W. Underwood, of Alabama, announces his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for President.

Polite but Pointed.—A motorist was stopt by a policeman for speeding, whereupon he became angry and called the policeman an ass. After he had paid his fine the magistrate reproved him for what he had said to the officer.

"Then I mustn't call a policeman an ass?" he asked.

"Certainly not," said the magistrate. "You must not insult the police."

"But you wouldn't mind if I call an ass a policeman, would you?"

"Why, no, if it gives you any satisfaction," answered his worship, with a smile.

The motorist turned to the man who had arrested him. "Good-day, policeman," he said, as he left the court.—*Tit-Bits* (*London*).

The Symptoms.—Little Johnnie, aged six, had been to church and had displayed more than usual interest in the sermon, in which the origin of Eve had been dwelt on at some length.

On his return from service, there being guests at dinner, he had also displayed a good deal of interest in the eatables, especially the pie and cakes.

Some time afterward, being missed, he was found sitting quietly in a corner with his hands prest tightly over his ribs and an expression of awful anxiety on his face.

"Why, what on earth is the matter?" asked his mother in alarm.

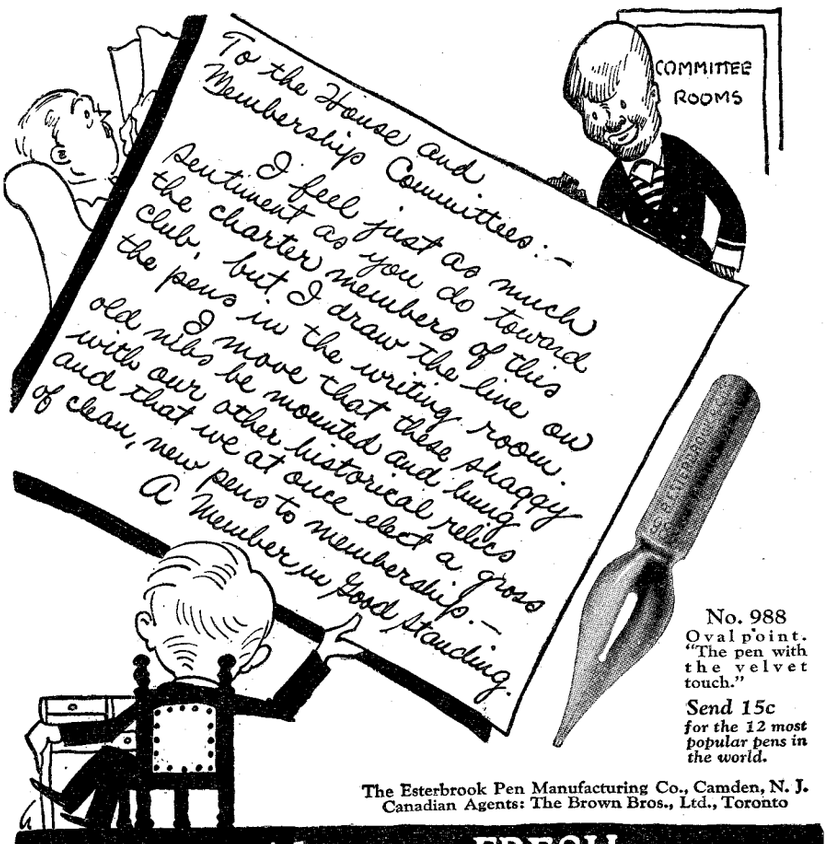
"Mama, I'm afraid I'm going to have a wife," little Johnnie replied.—*Tit-Bits* (*London*).

Cheap at the Price.—"Madam, you lost your thumb in this trolley accident all right, but how can you prove it was worth the $3,000 you are suing the company for?"

"Judge, it was the thumb I kept my husband under."—*Columbia Record.*

Platoons Right!—An Army corporal, arrested in Athens, and alleged to have married twelve women, pleaded that they were merely platonic affairs. He might almost have called them platoonic.—*Punch* (*London*).

Danger!—An American doctor has discovered a drug that makes people tell the truth. We understand it is illegal to take the stuff within a three-mile limit of any politician.—*Punch* (*London*).


COMMITTEE ROOMS
To the House and Membership Committees:—
I feel just as much sentiment as you do toward the charter members of this club, but I draw the line on the pens in the writing room. I move that these shaggy old nibs be mounted and hung with our other historical relics and that we at once elect a gross of clean, new pens to membership.—
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HARRY FRENCH

His Calamity Proved a Blessing—Now Averages $78.00 a Week

A TRULY INSPIRING STORY THAT PROVES AGAIN SALESMEN ARE NOT BORN — THEY ARE MADE.

Harry French, whose picture you see here, was employed for 14 years by a mammoth mail order house. He had an interesting job—expected to keep it as long as he lived, saved a little money every week, was quite happy and contented. Then—

Overnight came the debacle. He, like thousands of others, was let go without warning. At the age of 52 after 14 years of faithful service, he found himself out of work in the midst of the worst business depression this country had ever known.

He tried persistently for several months to obtain work, but to no avail. It seemed that no one had an opening for a capable man of 52, who didn't look a day over 40.

Some months previously Mr. French had bought a Simpson suit and also an overcoat and like most other Simpson customers was tremendously impressed and pleased with the values. Then one day a Simpson salesman called to sell him another suit—and in the course of the conversation, Mr. French explained that he was looking for a position. "Why don't you do what I'm doing?" said the salesman.

"I've never sold a thing in my life," said French—"Don't know a thing about clothing"—"That's all right," said Mr. Pack, "they will teach you."

Let Mr. French tell what happened.

"I had never sold anything in my life, so naturally I found the work discouraging at first.

"The first few weeks were hard. But I had made up my mind to make good and had been convinced that if I would keep showing my goods to as many men as possible, I would make good, even if I had but little selling ability. I noticed that customers were always impressed if they fingered the goods, and knew from my own experience as a Simpson customer, if I could make a sale I would be almost certain to get repeat orders.

"Up to the sixth week, I had scarcely made expenses. Then a customer of mine, employed in a responsible position with one of the largest grain brokers in Chicago, got his suit. He was so surprised and delighted (you see he had always paid big prices for his clothes) that he phoned for me to call, introduced me to every man in their employ, and gave me the use of his private office in which to measure the men. I got 7 orders that day and in the past year have sold about 100 suits to employees of that company.

"But my hard work was not yet over. The first few months, I didn't average over $30.00 a week. You see I was totally unfitted by training and temperament to be a salesman. I had to learn the line and train myself to meet people, to talk convincingly to strangers. I'm sure that if I had not had such remarkable values to offer, I could not have made good.

"The next five months, I did much better, averaging about $60.00 a week. During the last two months, I have made as high as $135.00 in one week and over the last two months, have averaged $78.00 a week. I am now getting a great deal of repeat business from my previous customers. As they need new clothes, they re-order from me, and my old customers are constantly referring me to their friends. I am confident that my future earnings will be very close to $100 a week, and may be considerably in excess of that.

"I now like the work. The things that were hard are now easy. I meet strangers without embarrassment. My physical health is perfect, out in the open so much of the time. I find it a pleasure to call back on old customers—it usually means calling on a friend—for I don't count a man a customer unless I also make him a friend. I would not go back to the old job even at much more money than I now earn. Another year will establish me so solidly that I can consider myself independent. I feel mighty grateful for the opportunity I found with J. B. Simpson, Inc."

[Signed] HARRY FRENCH.

There is no man on our staff of whom we are prouder than Harry French. No man had more difficulties to overcome. We're looking for men like him—determined, earnest, sincere, persistent, courageous men, who don't know what it means to be licked—we want men who believe in serving their customers—and pleasing them. Such men can earn $50.00 to $150.00 a week and establish a clientele of satisfied customers, that will grow bigger every year.

Our suits and overcoats tailored to order, choice of any of our all-wool fabrics, made in any style at the one flat price of $31.50. Every unnecessary expense is squeezed out. The quality will surprise you. We number among our customers many thousands of prominent men who never before paid as little as $31.50 for a suit.

The ex-governor of a middle west State said: "I never was better pleased. How do you do it?" The fit is guaranteed. The quality is splendid. The price within reach of all. You need no experience. We will teach you. Mail the coupon or a letter for full information, or call at any of the following branch offices—

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Something to Worry About.—"What kind of a fellow is that efficiency expert?"

"Well, he never enjoys an ocean voyage because there is so much salt going to waste."—*Dry Goods Economist.*

Able to Walk.—MAN—"Is New York the next stop?"

PORTER—"Yes, sah; brush you off, sah?"

MAN—"No, I'll get off myself."—*Western Christian Advocate.*

A Convincing Yarn.—PRISONER—"But I would rather tell my own story. Don't you think it would be believed?"

LAWYER—"Yes, that's the trouble; it would carry conviction with it."—*New Haven Register.*

Thrills, Anyway.—The little book called for more than any other, according to Haldemann-Julius, the publisher of five-cent classics, is "The Trial of Socrates," by Plato, of which 1,500,000 copies have been sold. A minister, in a recent sermon, saw in this a sign of a desire on the part of Americans for serious and deeper things, but a dear hearer remarked that the buyers probably thought it was a detective story.—*The Christian Register.*

Unconvinced.—OWNER OF PROPERTY (sternly)—"Don't you see that notice, 'Trespassers will be prosecuted'?"

TRAMP (calmly)—"No, I don't see it, for I can't read."

OWNER OF PROPERTY—"Well, you know what it is now, so go."

TRAMP—"Hexcuse me, mister, but I don't know what it is. I've only got yer bare word for it, and you're a puffect stranger to me. For what I know to the contrary, the notice may be, 'New milk sold 'ere,' or 'Apples tuppence a pound,' or 'Welkim, weary wanderer.' "—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Simplified Art.—A certain painter is confined in an asylum. To persons who visit him he says:

"Look at this; it is my latest masterpiece."

They look, and see nothing but an expanse of bare canvas. They ask:

"What does that represent?"

"That? Why, that represents the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea."

"Beg pardon, but where is the sea?"

"It has been driven back."

"And where are the Israelites?"

"They have crossed over."

"And the Egyptians?"

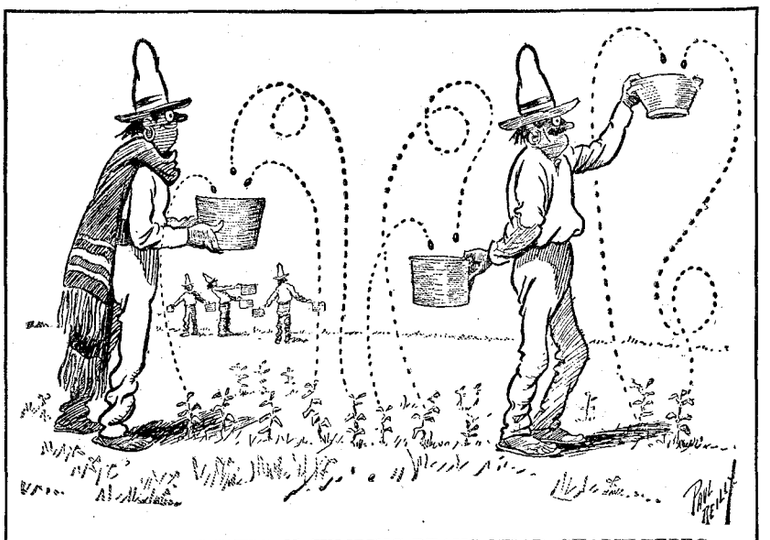
"Will be here directly. That's the sort of painting I like—simple and unpretentious."—*Art Record.*

Food for Thought.—HER—"Don't you think Gorma Nish is just thrilling in 'Wild Oats'?"

HIM—"Yeh. That's her best cereal."—*Boston Beanpot.*

Necessity Helps Invention.—MR. WYE—"I don't know where women acquired their extravagance in dress—Eve wasn't like that, you know."

MRS. WYE—"Of course not—there was only one man in the world and she had him."—*Life.*



HARVESTING MEXICAN JUMPING-BEANS NEAR CHAPULTEPEC

—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Higher the Lower.—UNCLE TED:—"An' 'ow are you gettin' along at school now, Ted? What are yer learnin'?"

TED—"Not too bad, Uncle. I'm learning reading, writing, sums and things. Oh, yes, and religion, too."

UNCLE TED—"Gracious! Religion?"

TED—"Yes, but different from Joe's. I'm taught that we all come from Adam. Joe's in a higher class, and he's taught we all come from monkeys."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Not Overcrowded.—It seemed that when Rastus and Sam died they took different routes, so when the latter got to heaven he called Rastus on the phone.

"Rastus," he said, "how yo' like it down thar?"

"Oh, boy! Dis here is some place," replied Rastus. "All we have to do is to wear a red suit wid horns, an' ebery now an' den shovel some coal on de fire. We don't work no more dan two hours out ob de twenty-four down here. But, tell me, Sam, how is it with you up yonder?"

"Mah goodness! We has to git up at fo' o'clock in de mawnin' an gathah in de stahs; den we has to haul in de moon and hang out de sun. Den we has ter roll de clouds aroun' all day long."

"But, Sam, how comes it yo' has ter work so hard?"

"Well, to tell de truf, Rastus, we's kin' o' short of help up here."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Busy Sister.—"And how is your litt baby sister, Ronald?" asked the vica who was making a call.

"Oh, she's only fairly well, thanks. Yo see, she's just hatching her teeth."—*Th Brisbane Mail.*

Indefinitely Postponed.—"Johnny," sai his aunt, "did you enjoy the book I sen you on your birthday?"

"H'ain't looked at it yet."

"Why, how is that?"

"'Cause ma said I'd have to wash m hands when I read it."—*Canadian Paper, quote by Boston Transcript.*

Mrs. Malaprop Discovers Vitamines.—HOSTESS—"May we serv you to another helping?"

MRS. MALAPROP—"Why, I believe you may. That food seems very nutritious. It fairly teems with pantomimes."—*Christian Register.*

Hard Question.—"Carry yer bag, sir?" said an eager urchin to a man on 42nd Street, hurrying toward the Grand Central Station.

"No, thanks!" replied the man shortly.

"I'll carry it all the way for a dime," persisted the lad.

"I tell you I don't want it carried!" retorted the man.

"Don't yer?"

"No, I don't!"

"Then what are you carrying it for?"—*The Continent.*

Making It Easy.—PRETTY GIRL (who has been taken half a mile beyond her destination)—"It's really too bad; I told you when I got in where I wished to be set down."

BUS CONDUCTOR—"Well, miss, I let you get out as soon as ever I could find it in my heart to part with you."—*Tit-Bits (London).*

Some Definitions

"Two or three" always means at least three, or three and upwards. "One or two" seldom if ever means one. "In a minute" means anywhere from five to fifty minutes.

"That reminds me of a story" means, "Now you keep quiet while I tell my joke."

"I hold no brief for" means, "I am now going to defend—"

"While I do not wish to appear critical" means, "But I am going to have my say out anyhow."

"Of course it's no business of mine" means, "I am simply devoured with curiosity."

"My conduct calls for no apology, and needs no explanation" is the usual introduction for an apology or an explanation.

"No one could possibly have mistaken my meaning" is what we say when some one has mistaken it.—*The Brisbane Mail.*

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